


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Correction from May 2008: The *Penthouse* sex toys for the "Soldier Toys" photograph in "Hard News" were supplied by Topco Sales and are available at [PenthouseStore.com](http://PenthouseStore.com).



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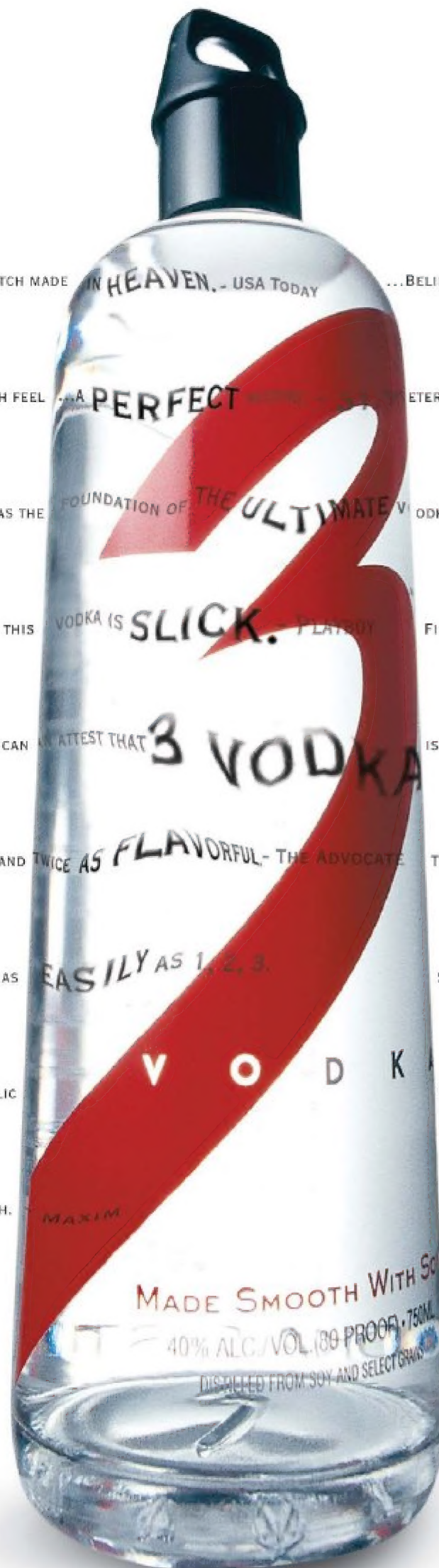
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him I didn't think so because I would definitely remember him. Then he apologized, gave me a sly smile, and walked away, leaving me more intrigued than ever.

I went into the restroom and found that I was alone. I entered a stall and pulled my skirt up and my thong down over my stockings. I slid my fingers across the lips of my now throbbing pussy. Then I rubbed my clit harder, and tried to be quiet in case someone walked in. But I couldn't contain the deep moans of pleasure that passed so naturally through my lips.

As my clit began to feel more sensitive, I closed my eyes and imagined the stranger walking into the restroom to find me pleasuring myself. I could almost feel his hands grip mine as he held them above my head and pushed me against the wall. He was breathing heavily as he kissed my lips, neck, and breasts.

I was ready for him. I shoved my fingers into my pussy and imagined the head of his dick pushing me as he told me not to yell. His lips covered mine again, muting the moans I couldn't control.

Then his hot breath was on my neck as he stroked into me again and again. One hand still held mine while the other rolled my nipple between his fingers. I visualized him moving faster and harder and felt my pussy tightening around his huge cock. As the intensity grew, he became more passionate. Then I felt the explosion—the exquisite pleasure of my release as I gushed all over my fingers.

After catching my breath, I freshened up at the sink and walked out of the restroom with a smile on my face and a feeling of contentment. I went back to my table to leave a tip for the waiter and saw a slip of paper under my glass. It had a phone number on it and a message that read, "We may not know each other now, but we will soon enough. Call me. Tony."

I looked over at the stranger who had just unknowingly gotten me off. I smiled, and he winked as if he knew what I had been up to. I wondered if I had spent too much time in there, or if I'd been too loud. It didn't matter. I had his number and I was pretty sure he had mine!—J.D. via the Internet

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of Penthouse. Send letters to [forum.submission@pmgi.com](mailto:forum.submission@pmgi.com) or Penthouse Editorial Dept., 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.

## Brief Encounter

I believe in making things happen, which is why I was sitting alone in a restaurant rather than at home watching TV. I'd chosen a familiar place where the people were friendly, ordered a glass of wine, and taken it to a small table. I was scoping out the crowd when a guy walked in. The place was fairly dark, but he piqued my interest. His well-worn jeans fit so perfectly, I could easily make out the outline of his cock. I watched him head across the room toward a full table.

As I sipped my wine, I imagined how it would feel to ride him. I was lost in thought when a waiter appeared in front of me, disrupting my line of sight. He asked me if I wanted something else. I did, but he wouldn't find it on the menu, so I asked for another glass of wine while the object of my fantasy chose that moment to look at me and smile.

I absentmindedly handed my glass to the waiter for a refill and wondered if the guy was married or

had a girlfriend. It didn't really matter, but the thought of how he'd be in bed continued to occupy my thoughts. When the waiter moved, the guy was still looking at me. I smiled back, closed my eyes, and imagined him on top of me, stroking his cock in and out of me. The image I'd conjured was so good that in the midst of my daydream I realized my legs were spread open and my pussy was moist.

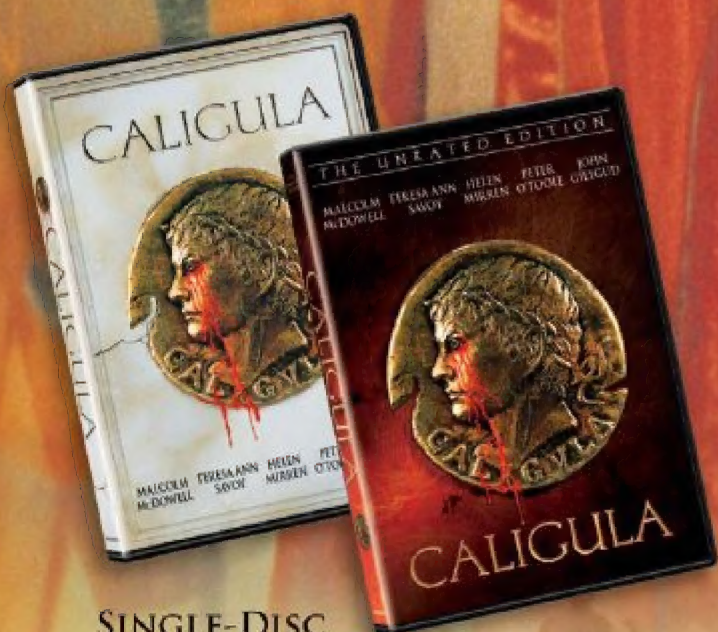
I had to do something about how horny I felt. Without checking to see if he was still watching, I went to the restroom. I was almost to the door when he walked out of the men's room. Our eyes locked and he asked me if we'd met before. I told

I couldn't contain the moans of pleasure. I imagined the stranger walking in to find me pleasuring myself.



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## ASIAN PERSUASION

About a year ago, I went to Japan on business, and on my coworker Lizzie's recommendation I went to her favorite massage parlor. Lizzie had said that if I really wanted a new experience, I just had to go on ladies' night. Now, Lizzie has always been into all kinds of freaky stuff. I mean, you name a location, she'll tell you where the kinky spots are, but she knows me well enough to know how far I'll go when it comes to getting off. I do have my limits!

As soon as I arrived in Tokyo, I called the massage parlor to ask about ladies' night. The night before my flight back home, I took a taxi to the address Lizzie had given me, paid for the ladies' special, and waited anxiously until a pretty young woman, Keiko, came out and escorted me to a back room. She helped me out of my clothes and took a moment to look me over before telling me I had a very beautiful body.

Keiko led me to a huge tub filled with bubbles and had me sit down in it. I couldn't believe it when she removed her clothes and climbed into the tub with me. Along with having beautiful features and long, black hair, Keiko had a lovely petite figure, with small round breasts and large brown nipples. Then, Keiko gave me the slowest, most sensual bath I'd ever had, leaving no part of my body untouched by the washcloth. Once she finished, she got out of the tub, dried herself off, and put her panties back on before helping me out and drying me with a fresh towel.

Keiko had me lay face-down on the massage table, poured scented oils on my back, and gave me a relaxing yet stimulating back massage. I could feel myself getting wet when she massaged my feet and legs, and especially when she moved her fingers up the inside of my thighs. As she massaged the oils over my ass, I ground my mound against the sheet.

After turning me over onto my back, Keiko massaged the oil over my tits, moving her slippery fingers over my hard nipples and turning up the heat between my legs.

"You are very wet, Miss," Keiko said.

"I know," I sighed. My eyes had been closed until I heard a buzzing sound. I opened them and saw Keiko holding a vibrator. She pressed the tip to my clit and I responded instantly.

"Mmm," I moaned, as I propped myself up on my elbows to watch Keiko pleasure me with the vibrator. When Keiko pulled the vibrator from my clit, I nearly whimpered, until she began massaging the oils over my quivering pussy.

"Oh my God! That feels incredible!" I cried, as Keiko gently rubbed my pulsing clit with slippery fingers. The only thing that could feel better was

Keiko massaged the oils over my tits, moving her slippery fingers over my hard nipples and turning up the heat between my legs.

if Keiko took my clit in her mouth and sucked on it, but she continued to thrill me when she pressed her fingers inside my love hole. Then she was finger-fucking me and rubbing my clit with her thumb until I could no longer withstand the pressure.

"That's it! I'm coming!" I cried, as I rocked forward onto Keiko's skillful fingers. I couldn't believe it, but I was definitely riding the big one. I couldn't wait to tell Lizzie about it.

I lay back on the table catching my breath and Keiko asked if she'd made me happy. Not only had she made me happy, but I could see that the front of her panties was sopping wet. Keiko didn't understand that I wanted to return the favor, until I made her change places with me and helped her out of her panties. She understood when I poured oil on her pussy and massaged her slit, making her squirm and writhe as I pressed three fingers deep inside her.

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" Keiko cried out when I took her clit into my mouth and began sucking on it tenderly. Within minutes Keiko was crying out in Japanese as her pussy muscles gripped my fingers.

I gave Keiko a big tip and took her panties with me as a souvenir. Back in my hotel room, I masturbated for hours, thinking about the experience. Now I'm hoping that the next time someone needs to go to Japan, I can talk Lizzie into letting me make the trip. You can bet I'll be headed back to the massage parlor and that I'll ask for Keiko.—M.L., Minnesota

*More letters on page 142*



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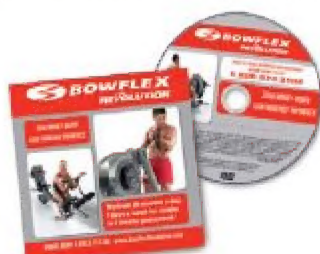
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A collage of movie characters. At the top center is the Hulk, roaring. To his left is Batman in his suit. In the center is Hellboy. To his right is Iron Man. In the foreground, on the left, is The Joker with his signature white face paint and green vest. To his right is a cowboy character, likely Clint Eastwood, wearing a hat and a jacket. The background is a mix of orange and red gradients.

# Full Frontal

REVEALING ENTERTAINMENT

## Summer Movie Smackdown

Are you ready to rumble? No, really, are you? Because this summer is bringing even more than the usual share of physics-altering superheroes and civilian studs destroying huge buildings, causing massive explosions, running from large things that might crush them, and generally wreaking havoc. Last year's *Transformers* (a savvy pick for blockbuster of the season, if we do say so ourselves) would feel at home in this company. Can we crown a summer smackdown champ again? Hells yeah. We already have!



# FullFrontal FLICKS

WHIPPING THE COMPETITION // BY JOSHUA ROTHKOPF



INDIANA JONES AND  
THE KINGDOM OF THE  
CRYSTAL SKULL

**versus**

HANCOCK



You already know the grizzled gentleman in the fedora. His competition: Will Smith's *Hancock*, getting smart buzz as an off-kilter superhero, a city-savior lost in a deep funk and in need of a PR makeover. We love Hancock's *Watchmen*-esque attitude, but expect it to get whipped. Throw yourself the idol.



SPEED RACER

**versus**

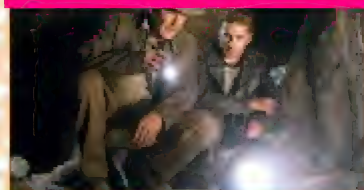
THE INCREDIBLE HULK



A kid in a computer-generated sports car versus the Man You Don't Want to Make Angry? Hardly a contest. Still, it must be said that those *Hulk* trailers make us a little nervous. We know Edward Norton can act, but how will he look in purple pedal-pushers?

[Journal-plaza.net](http://Journal-plaza.net)

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INDIANA JONES

**versus**

THE INCREDIBLE HULK



Honestly, the big green guy has plenty of bulk to pound all comers into pulp. But he also has rage. It could cloud his judgment. And there's no savvier archaeologist in filmdom than Indy, even when paired with an annoying sidekick (in this case, *Transformers*' Shia LaBeouf). Remember when he outwitted the huge shirtless Nazi in front of the biplane in *Raiders*? Think about that.



**THE WINNER: INDIANA JONES**

We'll be at *The Dark Knight* to honor Heath Ledger. But only fools would vote against Steven Spielberg, at long last back in his element. And, contrary to what you might think, we're not fools. Meet the once and future ultimate summer action hero, Indiana Jones.





INDIANA JONES  
**versus**  
THE DARK KNIGHT

The smackdown of all smackdowns. On one side, a tsunami of nostalgia for a beloved franchise, a rakish star, and legendary director Steven Spielberg, perhaps the most skilled showman in Hollywood history. On the other, an air of inviting menace tinged with the morbidity of real-life tragedy.



IRON MAN  
**versus**  
THE DARK KNIGHT



A clash totally deserving of its own comic book. As for superpower strategies: it's Downey Jr.'s 'tude versus Christian Bale's slow burn (and Ledger's deranged villainy). If *Iron Man* director Jon Favreau can master the action elements, he's got a shot here. Then again, this is the man who made *Elf*. And *Dark Knight*'s Christopher Nolan (*Memento*, *The Prestige*) is badass royalty.



IRON MAN  
**versus**  
TROPIC THUNDER

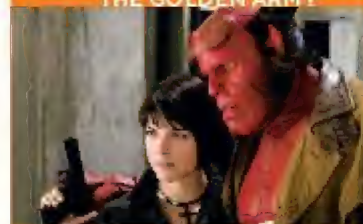


We're totally pumped for Robert Downey Jr.'s sarcastic turn as Iron Man—so much so that it's almost unfair to pit him against himself (and Ben Stiller, Jack Black, and Steve Coogan) in a comedy about a tropical war-movie shoot that suddenly gets too real. *Tropic Thunder* will have much hilarity for sure, making the dog days of August a lot more bearable. But in smack-down roshambo, iron beats laughs every time.



THE DARK KNIGHT  
**versus**

HELLBOY II:  
THE GOLDEN ARMY



Guillermo del Toro made a bucket-load of new fans with *Pan's Labyrinth*. And his return to Ron Perlman's demon defender has geeks singing his praises. Still, people: another supercool Batman movie? Plus the Heath Ledger factor? You must be Joker-ing.

A tsunami of nostalgia for a beloved franchise vs. inviting menace tinged with real death.



# Laugh Riot

At the movies, this could be the funniest June ever.

It's a simple but often botched idea: In the summertime, we expect to laugh. This is an instinct that goes all the way back to *Caddyshack* (aka the most brilliant movie ever). Even by our high standards, this month's overloaded slate of huge-budgeted comedies is pretty ridiculous. Ridiculously awesome. In our search for some bona fide guffaws in the competitive lineup, we found three that appear ready to deliver. Let's start with the big dog: a long-awaited Hollywood take on TV's beloved *Get Smart*, starring buttoned-down yeller Steve Carell. Last summer's stinky *Evan Almighty* aside, Carell is one of the funniest actors working today. And he may have finally found his perfect part, stepping into Don Adams's shoe-phones as the famously inept spy. Due for release on the same day (at press time) is Mike Myers's *The Love Guru*, ending his five-year non-*Shrek*-ian absence. Why the long break? Maybe it's because Myers, a true perfectionist, understands how audiences can tire of even the most inspired creations: see *Austin Powers*; *Wayne and Garth*. His latest, a spoof of the booming self-help industry, costumes him in flowing robes, a beard, and flower leis. Okay, it has the potential to bomb, but Myers

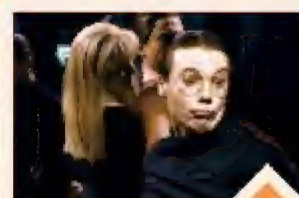
deserves a shot; he's earned it. And when he rocks us next year in a Keith Moon biopic, we'll be able to say he exorcised some funny demons. Speaking of risky comedic business, Adam Sandler—the Doofus King of *Billy Madison* and *Happy Gilmore*—is back as an Israeli Mossad agent-cum-hairdresser in *You Don't Mess With the Zohan*. With its loveably idiotic premise, surfeit of fine female flesh (see page 50), embarrassing star cameos (Mariah Carey, Henry Winkler, etc.), and sheer willingness to be goofy, *Zohan* looks like this summer's king of comedy.

## Brogue Warrior

Mike Myers without a fake accent is like Britney without breakdowns, so it's no surprise he'll be rocking an Indian accent for laughs as a self-help luminary in June's *The Love Guru*. But would his characters still be funny if he spoke sans silly talk? Let's go to the videotape—okay, DVDs—to find out.

By Kara Wahlgren

Even by our high standards, this month's slate of big-budget comedies is pretty ridiculous. Ridiculously awesome.



"SPROCKETS"  
1989

**HOMELAND:** West Germany

**THE LOWDOWN:** It wasn't a movie—but the accent-mania began with *Saturday Night Live*'s Dieter, the talk-show host with a penchant for interpretive dance.

**CATCHPHRASE:** "Would you like to touch my monkey?"

**FUNNY IN CANUCK?** No. Sounds more like a creepy zookeeper.



SO I MARRIED AN  
AXE MURDERER  
1993

**HOMELAND:** Scotland

**THE LOWDOWN:** Myers played commitment-phobe Charlie and his Scottish father, Stuart.

**CATCHPHRASE:** "We have a piper down!"

**FUNNY IN CANUCK?** Unlikely. Without the angry brogue, Stuart would just be Charlie—and Charlie isn't funny.





## REVIEW

### THE MOTHER OF TEARS

Asia Argento, Cristian Solimeno, Adam James

If you've never seen an Italian art-horror film (yes, there are such things, and they can be a-maz-ing), then prepare to be wrecked. Director Dario Argento's latest—a follow-up to his candy-colored 1977 masterpiece *Suspiria*—stars his ultrahot daughter Asia (you've seen her in Vin Diesel's *xxX* and this magazine). The plot is inconsequential. Just know that there are rampaging succubi, blood-sucking lesbians, ample opportunities for Eurocore sex fantasies, and the occasional jump-out-of-your-seat shockaboo. Embrace the craziness: The film has already converted stuffy film-festival audiences into screaming lunatics.

## PREVIEW

### THE HAPPENING

Mark Wahlberg, Zooey Deschanel, John Leguizamo

We see dead people—or dead careers, at least. Beats us how former boy-genius director M. Night Shyamalan continues to get funding for his projects, considering how shamelessly he jerks around viewers. His latest concerns a “global environmental crisis,” one Wahlberg and Deschanel must somehow survive. The title is vague enough to feel like a parody; the release date (Friday the 13th) smells desperate. On the meager plus side, the script is supposed to signal a rebound, and it's rumored to be M. Night's first R-rated project. We're guessing it's not, sadly, for nudity.

Beats us how M. Night Shyamalan gets funding, considering how he jerks around viewers.



### AUSTIN POWERS: INTERNATIONAL MAN OF MYSTERY 1997

**HOMELAND:** England/Belgium

**THE LOWDOWN:** Inspired by a Burt Bacharach song on the radio, Myers created the swinging British spy and his eeeeevil Belgian nemesis.

**CATCHPHRASE:** “Do I make you horny, baby?”

### FUNNY IN CANUCK?

No—only the Brits can get away with using the word “baby” when not referring to bouncy chairs and barf.



### THE CAT IN THE HAT 2003

**HOMELAND:** New York City

**THE LOWDOWN:** The Cat's thick New Yawk accent was inspired by Myers's then-mother-in-law Linda Richman, and ... Bruce Paltrow.

**CATCHPHRASE:** “Oh yeah!”

### FUNNY IN CANUCK?

Barely tolerable as is.

### THE LOVE GURU 2008

**HOMELAND:** India

**THE LOWDOWN:** Pitka spews inspirational sound bites like “Get your enlightenment freak on” to motivate a downward-spiraling hockey star. That groan you hear is the reaction of Hindu leaders everywhere.

**CATCHPHRASE:** Check back in two months.

**FUNNY IN CANUCK?** Possibly funnier. And definitely more appropriate as it's a friggin' hockey movie!



# Disturbances in the Force

The four hard-charging members of Disturbed learn how to survive the good times and the bad luck.

**S**ince his band's last album, 2005's *Ten Thousand Fists*, David Draiman has weathered his share of tough times. The front-man for guitar-pulverizing multi-platinum metalists Disturbed has lived through numerous breakups, a serious motorcycle accident, and a devastating garage fire, among other luckless moments. But all should be set right with the release of the band's fourth effort, *Indestructible*. And though the self-recording process was decidedly rocky ("Our criticism of one another was more precise and severe," says Draiman. "Because you're calling all your own shots, it's like, well, this is my fuckup now, if it is a fuckup"), it might benefit fans: Disturbed is ready to unleash those pent-up frustrations onstage. Enjoy the show.

### What is the meaning behind the album's title track?

It's talking about war. It's talking about any person looking for strength. It is meant to be a battle cry for the soldiers. It is even meant to be used as a cadence when they march. It's for anyone who wants to feel indestructible. We wrote it for the troops.

### What about your own recent troubles? Can you tell us about that?

It's been rough. I've had a bunch of really rough relationships that were full of betrayal and deceit.

### On both sides?

I've never been one to betray. If I feel that there's no more point to the relationship, I'll break it off. I've perhaps been more vulnerable over the past two to three years because, after a while, being the crazy rock star gets a little tired. You want something to come home to.

### And what happened to your bike?

I was crossing an intersection and this idiot just decided to turn in front of me. I clamped on the brake, and the

rear wheel started to lock up. I wasn't going to stop in time, so I had to lay the bike down and I scraped along the cement for about six or seven feet. This dude who was in a Ford Explorer goes driving off and I started running after the guy. People at the accident grabbed me and stopped me. I had a puncture wound in my right leg and road rash on my right forearm.

### Did someone catch the guy?

Someone saw him pull up to a house, took down his license-plate number and address, and came back to the accident. A cop got the guy. I got the bike fixed just in time to make it to the Sturgis Motorcycle Rally.

### How was that?

Awesome! We were lucky enough to play it one year. It was like *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*. They respond to you by revving their motorcycles. It's badass. Imagine 30,000 to 40,000 bikers all revving their engines at the end of a song.

### What are your plans for the next few months before touring?

I'm going to Amsterdam for a few days for my birthday and to Israel to visit my family.

### What do you want to do in Amsterdam?

Get fucked up! I'm planning to sample about 12 different strains of weed, plan on 'shrooming, plan on going out to clubs, plan on having some nice dinners, plan on going to the Anne Frank house and seeing a couple different museums. I've got all kinds of stuff planned. It's going to be wicked.

"In Amsterdam, I plan to sample about 12 different strains of weed, plan on 'shrooming, plan on going to the Anne Frank house."



**DISTURBED**  
*Indestructible*  
Warner Bros./Reprise  
(2008)  
**Penthouse pick:**  
"Inside the Fire"







### Track Stars

Scarlett Johansson is the latest starlet to step into the recording studio. How does her album stack up against the competition? By Rebecca Swanner



#### JULIETTE LEWIS

**FIRST FAMOUS FOR:** Being a total nut job alongside Woody Harrelson in *Natural Born Killers*.

**MUSICAL RÉSUMÉ:** Extremely thin

**DEBUT:** Fronting Juliette and the Licks, Lewis released her first album, *You're Speaking My Language*, in 2005.

**SOUNDS LIKE:** An occasionally melodic thrash explosion coming apart at the seams. Live Lewis matches Iggy Pop in posture and energy, if not talent.



#### ZOOEY DESCHANEL

**FIRST FAMOUS FOR:** Playing the elf of Will Ferrell's dreams in *Elf*.

**MUSICAL RÉSUMÉ:** She's performed with a jazz cabaret band featuring another actress, Samantha Shelton, and made singing cameos on a handful of records.

**DEBUT:** Deschanel recently released *Volume One*, a collaboration with neo-folkie wunderkind M. Ward.

**SOUNDS LIKE:** The record has an old-timey, retro flair that's a nice fit for Deschanel's lilting, a-little-bit-country voice.



#### JENNIFER LOPEZ

**FIRST FAMOUS FOR:** Playing Selena in the Mexican-American pop star's 1997 biopic; that caboose.

**MUSICAL RÉSUMÉ:** Before becoming an actress, the curvy Bronx babe trained as a singer and dancer.

**DEBUT:** In 1999, Lopez released her first album, *On the 6*, and snagged a Grammy for Best Dance Recording.

**SOUNDS LIKE:** Sexy, Latin-flavored dance-pop instilled with a fierce edge, though her brashness has waned.

#### SCARLETT JOHANSSON

**FIRST FAMOUS FOR:** Her mysterious, throaty performance as Charlotte in *Lost in Translation*.

**MUSICAL RÉSUMÉ:** She was once up for a lead role in Broadway's *The Phantom of the Opera*; sings on the Barack Obama speech-song YouTube hit.

**DEBUT:** *Anywhere I Lay My Head*, an album of Tom Waits covers and one original. David Bowie backs up two tracks by the masterfully croaky, crooning Waits.

**SOUNDS LIKE:** Johansson transforms Waits's tender growls into whispered, gorgeous melodies. Bowie is a fan.



Scarlett Johansson transforms Tom Waits's tender growls into whispered, gorgeous melodies.

### REVIEWS



#### DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE *Narrow Stairs* (Atlantic)

★★★★

**SOUND CHECK:** They went from indie darlings to major-label stars. Now they add a striking experimental edge to their romantic whimsy.

**AMPLIFICATION:** "I Will Possess Your Heart" is an eight-minute jam that flirts with krautrock. "Bixby Canyon Bridge" crunches and throbs where their older tunes would swoon.

**LAST NOTE:** *Stairs* makes the case that this formerly meek band is one of the very best in the country.

**PENTHOUSE PICK:** "Your New Twin Sized Bed"



#### JAKOB DYLAN *Seeing Things* (Columbia)

★★★★

**SOUND CHECK:** A Wall-flower no more, Bob's prettiest son makes his solo debut with the kind of emotionally direct, uncluttered folk that producer Rick Rubin perfected with his former collaborator, the late great Johnny Cash.

**AMPLIFICATION:** Political unrest haunts all ten of the lovely, spare songs here: "Evil is alive and well," Dylan purrs sadly on the first song. It's no "Masters of War," but the quiet, considered approach suits the younger Dylan's more subtle talents.

**LAST NOTE:** Now a father nearing 40, Jakob finally sounds comfortable in his own skin. This album both burnishes his legacy and avoids competing with Pops.

**PENTHOUSE PICK:** "War Is Kind"



#### OPETH *Watershed* (Roadrunner)

★★★

**SOUND CHECK:** The Swedish prog-death-metal quintet continues to play in their utterly unique sandbox: ten-minute songs, crunching guitars, jazz breakdowns.

**AMPLIFICATION:** This is an ADD-fueled head trip, skipping deliriously from furious Goth headbanging to sparse melodies.

**LAST NOTE:** It opens with a pretty piano-powered duet. The guttural vocals return on track two.

**PENTHOUSE PICK:** "The Lotus Eater"



bring on the night



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:  
Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

 **DJARRUM**  
it's the clove...





GAME OF THE MONTH

## Top Spin 3

(2K Sports) Xbox 360, PS3, Wii, DS ★★★

**N**ormally, we'd never play a tennis videogame. We'd rather throw a ball for our dog or watch the pros bludgeon their Heads against the asphalt. But on the Wii, the engaging tennis experience (and workout!) is so intense, you'll practically feel every hammy pull of the tennis star you control (everyone from Andy Roddick to Boris Becker).

There's a slight learning curve, as you figure out how to hit the ball while chasing it across one of the 40-plus courts. (If you're lazy like us, you can just press one of the face buttons to whack it.)

We're psyched about the Xbox 360 online tournament. We could be No. 1. Eat it, Federer!

But we're most psyched about the Xbox 360 version's online tournament, which means we—that's right, us—could be No. 1 in the world. Eat it, Roger Federer! The rankings are reset every two weeks, so start practicing that forehand volley now; by mid-summer you might crack the top ten. Let's just hope the aforementioned Fed doesn't find out about this.



**AGE OF CONAN:  
HYBORIAN ADVENTURES**  
(Eidos) PC

★★★★

Get immersed in the world of Conan and navigate the wild and woolly kingdom of Hyboria, a land of hot babes, hot sex, and villains who want you dead.

**Rocks:** Building your character up to level 20 on a relatively safe island before leaving to explore the world; fighting battles in the same fluid way you would in an action-adventure game.

**Sucks:** The sex scenes aren't explicit enough (though getting it on does help your character's cause); playing as Conan is not an option.

**THE BOURNE  
CONSPIRACY**  
(Vivendi) Xbox 360, PS3

★★★

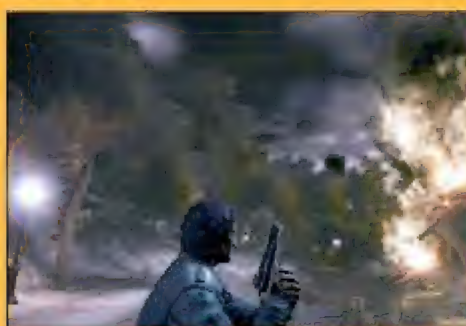
It's a game based on the popular movie/book series, and *TBC*'s actually super-fun. As Jason Bourne, you'll dodge the assassins and the Treadstone agency trying to catch him.

**Rocks:** Avoiding the cops in your Mini Cooper; using the environment to physically punish your enemies by smacking them against pipes and throwing them through windows; the interactive *God of War*-style cut scenes.

**Sucks:** The Bourne-vision is useful for spotting enemies and weapons, but looks a little hokey.



▲ REVIEWS ▲  
▼ PREVIEWS ▼



**TNA IMPACT!**  
(Midway) Xbox 360, PS3, PS2, Wii

We love Spike TV's *Total Nonstop Action Impact!* wrestling, especially when it's really up-close and personal. This videogame version delivers—keep a couple of towels handy to deal with the sweat.

**Rocks:** Simple controls make those submission moves much easier to pull off; it's about time for a wrestling title that doesn't feature the WWE or girls in ridiculous outfits.

**Sucks:** We've experienced more intense fighting games than this—*Fight Night Round 3* included—and we're just not sure we can go back.

**ALONE IN THE DARK 5**  
(Atari) Xbox 360, PS3, PS2, Wii, PC

Central Park is still creepy at night, which makes it the ideal spot for this horror game. After Uwe Boll nearly ruined the franchise with his dreadful 2005 film, the series makes a comeback.

**Rocks:** The breadth of options and elements you can use to manipulate your environment to your advantage. For instance, the fire is realistic and deadly to you and your enemies, so pyros beware!

**Sucks:** Each level has a schmalzy cliffhanger ending. This may work in an episodic online game, but otherwise, is this really necessary?



INTERVIEW

# Sharapova on... Sharapova

Russia's greatest export since Stoli—and the fifth-ranked women's player in the world—was recently in Miami for a *Top Spin 3* promo event, and yes, Maria Sharapova is as toned, tanned, and gorgeous in real life as she looks on a flatscreen.

**You're injured and taking time off—will that give you a chance to play yourself more in the game?**  
Absolutely [*laughs*]. I didn't grow up playing a lot of videogames, but when they started involving tennis, that's when I started to play a little bit. I'm really bad at it, but I do it anyway. I'm good at the real thing.

**What's your character's favorite on-the-court skill?**  
I'm a pretty powerful player in the

videogame and my ball goes across the court faster, so hopefully someone doesn't have time to run over and get it. That's a good advantage to have.

**Do you like the way you look in the game?**

It's pretty real. Compared to what I looked like four years ago in videogames, I've gotten a lot better-looking, I suppose.

**You suppose right, Maria.**



# Hot Type

Some pictures are worth a thousand words. Ellen Sussman's "Literary Encyclopedia of Sex" demonstrates the erotic power of print.



**W**ith *Dirty Words: A Literary Encyclopedia of Sex* (Bloomsbury), editor Ellen Sussman has compiled the outrageous book we all wish we could've snuck into our school bookbags. It's filled with not just a few random curses, but more than 90 essays and stories by many prestigious and well-known writers (and some not so well-known) about such words as "blowjob," "Lolita," "pussy," "strip-tease," and more obscure terms like "Dirty Sanchez," "fobbing," and "silver-balling" (stumped? You'll have to read the book). The feisty Sussman delves into her own happy-ending experience in France, the power of sixty-nine, and, humorously, what "commitment" can mean.

### What inspired you to compile a book about sex words?

Sex writing tends to be some of the most interesting out there because it's still a taboo subject. People have to invent their own ways of going at it, from the sophisticated to the raunchy to the erotic and poetic. Some of the contributors are well-known—for instance, Stephen McCauley (writing about anal sex) and Antonya Nelson (on blowjobs). Stephen Dunn is a Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, and he's writing about bad taste. These writers have fine reputations, so I wanted to see what happens when sexual words get talked about by them. Maybe it's not so shocking, or maybe it's more shocking. I wanted to blur the distinction between highbrow and lowbrow, what's acceptable and what's not, between literary and bawdy.

Did you give the writers any specific instructions?

I gave them the chance to write about anything they wanted to. I said to them, you can write a short story, a poem, a rant, a personal essay. It runs the gamut. Some of the words are new and some are the most old-fashioned words we have. The device of the encyclopedia is just a way to put these essays together. The real delight for me was to give the writers a chance to choose their words.

### Which words were most popular?

Every version of S&M came up. We have BDSM and Top/Bottom, but I had four or five others. I had to pull out so many because of the overlap. We have bestiality and zoicism, and who would think that two writers would want to cover that?

Lots of writers wanted to write about their early experiences with sex, but I wanted a range. I love Phillip Lopate's essay on duration because that's a look at middle-aged sex that we don't often get in writing. Brian Bouldrey does a great job of taking terms like "Dirty Sanchez" that are ugly and making them beautiful and taking beautiful words and turning them ugly.

### How do you define a dirty word?

"Jane Fonda was blasted for using 'cunt' [on TV], as if we're back in prehistoric time."

In my mind there are no dirty words, so the idea that some of these words are unspeakable or that we shouldn't be talking about them is something I wanted to shake up. It was my intention to take words like monogamy and kissing and lust and put those together with anal sex and blowjob and bestiality, because who are we to say that one is any different than the other? Why don't we look at them all together and see what we come up with—and what we come up with is a feast of sexual terminology.

But that doesn't mean that our society has completely changed; Jane Fonda was just blasted for using "cunt" on *The Today Show*, as if we're back in some prehistoric time.

I loved that my publisher created a cover with a wild list of words. It's a very bold statement on their part; you see slut and blowjobs and erection and cock.

Do you feel like words you grew up with that were super-dirty have become acceptable?

Absolutely. I lived in Paris, and the French will use the word *fuck* all



"I lived in Paris, and the French use the word *fuck* all the time because the word has no meaning for them."

the time because the word has no meaning for them. I was in the supermarket the other day, and I saw a 13-year-old boy with his grandmother and he was wearing a T-shirt that said "Fuck That," and it meant nothing, apparently. Grandma didn't seem to mind. There is an odd thing that happens when a word loses its meaning.

I think "cunt" still has that kind of power. Jonathan Wilson talks about it in the book. Cunt does not have that power in England, but here in the U.S. it does, probably because it's both a derogatory term for women and a term for their genitalia. It's still a fighting word. You wouldn't necessarily see someone walking around with "cunt" on their T-shirt, or using it comfortably in a sentence. In some ways it's okay when the word loses its impact—like fuck doesn't mean fuck anymore, it means a million other things.


#### Is that good or bad?

I think both. I wish cunt would lose its edge. I think it's great that dyke has lost its edge, and it's now an empowering term.

On the other hand, I love when we talk about sex directly. I went to a dinner party, which was called an aphrodisiac affair, in a fancy apartment. People talked openly about sex, and I was so surprised. The hostess and host encouraged that setup and atmosphere, and people appreciated the opportunity to talk about sex freely, using the real words, which doesn't happen that often.

#### Would you say the book is erotic?

That's not the intention, but there are a lot of erotic pieces, and if it excites people, damn, that's nice. I'm not hiding from that.

I think it's hard to talk about sex without the conversation getting exciting. That's another reason why it's such a great topic—it touches us deeply; it's remarkable to think about the power of words. If you can read a story or essay and get turned on, that means that story or essay is moving you on some deep level. What could be bad about that? 

#### REVIEWS /// BY PETER BLOCH



#### BLACK VELVET MASTERPIECES: HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE VELVETERIA MUSEUM

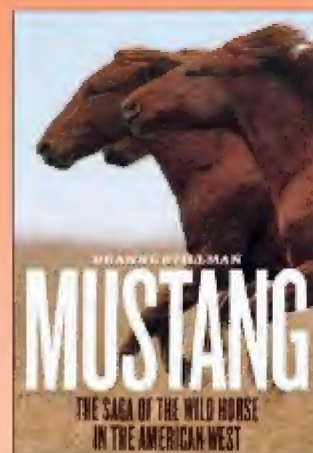
by Carl Baldwin and Caren Anderson  
(Chronicle Books)

If, when you think of black velvet paintings (if you think of them at all), the first words that come to mind are "weird" and "tacky," you're not alone. But, as the authors of this unique volume (covered, appropriately, in black velvet) discover, there's a lot more to the high art of American pop culture—including genuine humor, sometimes surprising beauty, and tongue-in-cheek irony. Baldwin and Anderson's personal story of traveling down the "Velvet Trail" (the publisher calls them "the world's leading authorities on this underappreciated art") is a perfect complement to the almost 300 velveteen masterworks in this little treasure of a book.

#### MUSTANG: THE SAGA OF THE WILD HORSE IN THE AMERICAN WEST

by Deanne Stillman  
(Houghton Mifflin)

This extraordinary epic of the wild horse, which originated on this continent, traveled to Asia and Europe over the Bering land bridge, and then returned to America with the Spanish explorers, is a true American tragedy. Without the horse, neither the Indian nor the white man would have conquered the land, yet this beautiful animal has been rewarded with brutal massacres and incredibly inhumane slaughterhouses. As Stillman says, "The wild horse runs through our blood, and every American knows it. If it goes, we lose a part of ourselves." She tells the infuriating but inspiring story of the destruction and survival of a noble icon perfectly—you'll never forget it.



#### GUITARS

by David Schiller  
(Workman)

Even if you've never picked up a guitar, you won't want to put down this "collection of pure mojo," with 500 lovingly photographed and documented examples of what Schiller calls "the most democratic of instruments"—one that a beginner can play easily but that few can actually master. He explains how they work, profiles the great guitar players and creators, and shows how every guitar, "even assembly-line solid-body electrics," can be transformed into that special, unique "ax" that will forever be part of its owner's life.





# PENTHOUSE TV

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\$96

Spandex does not a man make, but the patented conditioning web design makes these worth the snickers. The pants work like professionally applied athletic tape, supporting the knee and surrounding muscles to prevent injury and maximize movement efficiency. But if you have any misgivings about the size of your johnson, wear shorts over them—they leave little to the imagination.

# Tech Training

Get ready to impress the girls of summer by stepping up your workout with gadgets that run you ragged.

By Chuck Tannert Photographs by Jason Gould

Shirt courtesy of Pearl Izumi. Shoes courtesy of The Running Company.



**T**he snow melted months ago, so get out of hibernation mode, claw yourself off the couch, and get your nacho-and-Cheese Whiz-filled ass into shape. This high-tech running gear won't stop your lungs from burning, but it will help you step up your workout and—maybe—shave time off your next mile. Then you'll finally be able to catch up to that spandex-clad blonde who lapped you.

The Garmin GPS-enabled watch might come in handy when you're crawling home in a drunken stupor.

**IRONMAN**  
iControl 50-Lap  
Timex  
\$125

No more pulling out your iPod to pump up the volume—this watch doubles as an iPod remote. The bezel-mounted control buttons are easy to use and very responsive. Plus, you can barely feel the lightweight timepiece on your wrist, which leaves your hands free for more important things, like signaling that you need a paramedic.





**AW 200**  
**Polar**  
**\$200**

Not sure if you've burned off those double-glaze donuts? This watch will tell you. It measures and analyzes your exercise, counting calories burned, number of steps taken, time you've been active, and intensity. It even has a barometer and altimeter, so you'll know how much farther you need to run down the mountain to avoid the twister in the distance.

**Forerunner 405**  
**Garmin**  
**\$300**

This slick-looking watch/virtual personal trainer tracks your location through a GPS program and records heart rate, pace, and distance. Your workout data is wirelessly beamed to your computer so you can follow your progress online at MotionBased.com. And unlike most GPS-enabled watches, it looks good enough to wear out on the town. It might even come in handy when you're crawling home in a drunken stupor.



**HPL #020 Race Vest**  
**Nathan Sports**  
**\$76**

You'll look like a real road warrior with this high-tech hydrator. It carries plenty of water (two-liters) and has enough storage compartments to schlep along a few necessities—energy gels, blister aid, keys, cellphone, condoms. Hey, you should always be prepared.



**O ROKR Pro**  
**Oakley**  
**\$249**

Music can help you push harder while numbing the pain from that last uphill. But getting tangled in headphone wires is infuriating. The O ROKR Pro sunglasses cut the tether, using Bluetooth technology to stream music from your cellphone. The shades are more comfortable and less bulky than previous models, so you won't be mistaken for Dog the Bounty Hunter.

The Oakley ROKR Pro is less bulky than previous models, so you won't be mistaken for Dog the Bounty Hunter.

#### Cult Kit



**Amp+ Sport Remote Control**  
**Nike**  
**\$79**

The "Just Do It" crowd has turned into a slew of niche cults, like Nike+ iPod Sport Kit users, who use iPod Nanos as virtual training partners. A shoe-mounted sensor allows the MP3 player to collect data: speed, distance traveled, calories burned, and more. This remote control is the latest plaything. The wristband controls the iPod and shows training data and time, so you know exactly when you lost your identity.



## Speed Racer

The Jaguar XKR Portfolio is the Excalibur of sports coupes, slicing through traffic like a knife through butter. Overkill? Not when driving is this satisfying. By Mike Guy

**F**or a while there, it seemed as if Jaguar had lost its way. The long-venerable brand whose name—pronounced *jag-yoo-a*—was once synonymous with a jut-jawed blend of speed and civilization had gotten bogged down in the bland XJ series of clunky, overpriced rattletaps. The joke went, “Jaguar: the sports car that looks best on a hydraulic lift.”

Enter the 2008 XKR and its luxury upgrade, the going-to-be-super-rare XKR Portfolio, which is (along with the Aston Martin Vantage) among the

most stunning luxury sports coupes on the road. Its long, sleek bonnet is capped with a woven chrome grille and airdam. The roofline swoops over the fastback tail and screams aerodynamically boosted power. The entire exterior is sheathed in lush and slightly rakish “celestial black” paint and studded with enormous 20-inch, polished Cremona five-spoke alloy wheels. Perhaps the only design misstep is the strictly cosmetic

supercharger vent gills on the hood (the supercharger draws air through the airdam).

All told, the XKR Portfolio not only returns Jaguar to its glory days, it bests them. But Jaguar—which has been owned by Ford Motor Company since 1990—was recently bought by Tata Motors, the Indian auto powerhouse. With the company’s future once again uncertain, we can’t help but ask, Is the recent XKR model a momentary lapse in a mediocre product line? Or is it a bright spark that portends a whole new

Is the recent XKR Portfolio a bright spark that portends a whole new reformation of the Jaguar name?






reformation of the Jaguar name?

These questions seem utterly extraneous when I get behind the wheel of the sublime Portfolio and drive a very unreasonable 130 miles per hour across the George Washington Bridge with the sun rising behind me and some tasty tunes playing over the 525-watt Bowers & Wilkins surround-sound system. This much I know: My right toe is controlling the throttle, which in turn fires the rumbling, supercharged 4.2-liter V-8 and its 420 well-bred horses.

The interior is as well appointed as you would expect from a \$100,000 sports coupe. The seats, steering wheel, vestigial backseats, and even the A-pillar are wrapped in dove-colored soft leather. (We'd call it a creamy beige, but what do we know?) The folks at Jag were thoughtful enough to include a heated steering wheel so your hands stay warm as you weave among cars filled with gape-jawed drivers. The dash and center console have brushed stainless-steel elements in a scallop-shell pattern that Jaguar calls engine-spun alloy.

The seats are perfectly contoured, with adjustable bolsters that keep your body nearly immobile. You feel exactly as you should in a coupe: stable, fast, and wily—but mostly fast.

I hit some traffic on the Palisades, so I use the paddles on the wheel to downshift the six-speed sequential transmission and test the brakes, thereby discovering what might be the best thing about the Portfolio: It's equipped with 15.8-inch brakes in the front and 13.8 in the back, the largest ever put on a Jag.

This Jaguar is meant for much more than looking good in the driveway, or on the hydraulic lift. The XKR Portfolio is a true performer flush with sex appeal. The only problem is, *Jag-yoo-a* is planning to sell only 255 in the States, no doubt boosting its appeal to collectors while making it nearly as rare as an actual jaguar. 



#### SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Rear-wheel-drive coupe
Engine	4.2-liter supercharged V-8
Power	420 horsepower
Torque	413 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed sequential
Wheelbase	108.3 inches
Front tires	Dunlop 255/35 2R 20
Rear tires	Dunlop 285/30 2R 20
Curb weight	3,671 pounds

#### PERFORMANCE

0-60 mph	4.9 seconds
Top speed	155 mph (electronically controlled)
Fuel economy	City: 15 miles per gallon Highway: 23 mpg
Price (as tested)	\$100,900







## The Rides of Summer

Daytona Beach's Bike Week heralds the start of the riding season and reveals glorious new rides to fit road warriors of every breed.

By Bill Heald

### SUZUKI GSX650F

The 600 class of sport bikes has evolved into some very serious machines. In fact, modified versions of these bikes have made super-sport racing incredibly popular and competitive. Unfortunately, compromises have to be made for the street. That's where Suzuki's new GSX650F shines.

The riding position is more upright and comfortable, with handlebars borrowed from Suzuki's "standard" style bikes. The all-new 656-cc inline four is tuned for low-end and midrange power, producing the kind of acceleration needed to cut through congested urban streets. Suzuki chose the cam profiles to boost the rev range, primarily to make engine response more suited to entry-level riders. Unlike a race-derived engine, the horsepower can be accessed at modest engine speeds, helping you skirt around traffic. Chalk some of this up to Suzuki's dual throttle valve fuel-

injection system, which translates a twist of your right wrist into smooth thrust. A slick six-speed transmission shifts crisply and the hydraulic clutch is easy to modulate.

The 650F's unique double-cradle steel frame may not be as light as an aluminum backbone, but it's strong, stylish, and less costly to manufacture. Preload-adjustable 41-mm front forks are balanced by a rear shock that sports preload and rebound damping adjustments. Toss in a cool, functional fairing with a comprehensive instrument cluster from the GSX-R family, and you have a fantastic all-rounder at a bargain price.

Suzuki blends sport and comfort into one sharp ride that's styled after its racier relatives yet designed for the real world.



### SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled, inline four cylinder
Bore x stroke	65.5 mm x 48.7 mm
Displacement	656 cc
Fuel system	Fuel injection
Ignition	Digital/transistorized
Transmission	Six-speed
Front suspension	41-mm telescopic fork, preload adjustable
Rear suspension	Single shock, rebound and preload adjustable
Front brakes	Twin 310-mm full-floating discs
Rear brake	Single 240-mm disc
Front tire	120/70ZR-17
Rear tire	160/60ZR-17
Fuel tank	Five gallons
Wheelbase	57.9 inches
Seat height	30.3 inches
Dry weight	475
MSRP	\$6,999





#### SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled parallel twin
Bore x stroke	62 mm x 41.2 mm
Displacement	249 cc
Fuel system	Two Keihin CVK30 carburetors
Ignition	Digital
Transmission	Six-speed
Front suspension	37-mm telescopic fork
Rear suspension	Single shock, preload adjustable
Front brake	Single 290-mm petal disc
Rear brake	Single 220-mm petal disc
Front tire	110/70-17
Rear tire	130/70-17
Fuel tank	4.8 gallons
Wheelbase	55.1 inches
Seat height	30.5 inches
Dry weight	335 pounds
MSRP	\$3,499

Who would have thought you could cram so much big-bike feel into such a compact, affordable motorcycle?

#### KAWASAKI NINJA 250R

Speaking of a bargain price, do you think it's possible to get a brand-new, genuinely fun street motorcycle for less than \$3,500? I never thought deals like that existed, unless the motorcycle was assembled from left-over lawn-mower parts. The Kawasaki Ninja 250R shatters this notion and might alter your worldview on what a small Ninja can accomplish. It's also the only 250 sport bike available in the United States, which puts it in a class all its own.

Granted, this is no drag bike, and a few years ago I wouldn't have believed a 250-cc motorcycle could have enough grunt to be safe on the street. But the wee Ninja's liquid-cooled parallel twin gets the job done admirably, and while there's not a whole lot of muscle off the line, you can mercilessly rev this jewel and get decent acceleration out of it. With its modest displacement, you might

think the engine would be a tad on the buzzy side, especially considering there are just two pistons pumping away inside the block. Rather than viciously humming like a gnat from hell, the modest motor is surprisingly smooth and refined. Instead of complex (and costly) fuel injection, we have a brace of Keihin carburetors that not only deliver excellent throttle response, but also help make the Ninja incredibly miserly with a gallon of gas.

The engine's compact design aids mass centralization, which is critical for optimal balance in a light machine. New 37-mm front forks help deliver a smooth ride, and the bike's 55-inch wheelbase aids stability while letting the light, flickable chassis change direction with rapier-like speed. A low seat and slim profile make this motorcycle ideal for beginners and the short of stature, and the excellent complement of instruments (including a trip meter and massive fuel gauge) drives home the point that you're really getting a fully equipped motorcycle at a scooter price.







## HONDA VTX1300 TOURER

Generally, when you talk about big, heavyweight cruisers, conventional wisdom dictates the more the merrier. This is especially true when it comes to V-twin engines, because manufacturers have been trying to outdo one another for years. With one of the biggest engines in the class and a locomotive-like personality, Honda's VTX1300 surpasses them all.

But Honda decided to do something really interesting with the VTX: it built a new variation with a slightly smaller engine. The VTX 1300 lobs 500 cc off the original VTX mill, resulting in a more integrated, balanced, enjoyable motorcycle. The motor gains plenty of muscle, especially in the midrange, and dual counterbalancers knock down the heavier vibes, but plenty of V-twin character still comes through. For 2008, Honda has created a touring version, and by equipping the cruiser with some long-haul accessories, it's turned an entertaining cruiser into a coast-to-coast travel companion.

A big part of the VTX1300 charm comes from its retro personality. True, when you have a bike with deeply valanced fenders, a huge chrome

hooded headlight, a broad busty fuel tank (with the instruments perched on top), and surfboard-size floorboards, you have an obvious blast from the past. But the VTX ode to a simpler time runs deeper, including the use of a single carburetor (with a manual choke) instead of two units, or the modernity of fuel injection. The handlebar is almost as wide as Texas, but sweeps back for comfortable, all-day riding, assisted by a windscreen that keeps highway windblast off your chest. The leather saddlebags have a 24-liter capacity, and your passenger gets a chrome backrest for additional comfort and security.

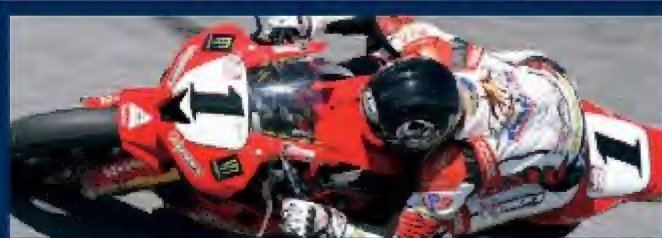
You may think size is everything, but ponder this: By taking the smaller displacement VTX and adding the right stuff in the touring department, Honda has proved that less really is more. Who knew?

By adding some choice touring accessories, Honda has built a slick retro bike that loves long days on the road.



## SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled 52-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	89.5 mm x 104.3 mm
Displacement	1,312 cc
Fuel system	Single 38-mm constant-velocity carburetor
Ignition	Digital with 3-D mapping
Transmission	Five-speed
Front suspension	41-mm telescopic fork
Rear suspension	Dual shocks, preload adjustable
Front brake	Single 336-mm disc
Rear brake	Single 296-mm disc
Front tire	140/80-17
Rear tire	170/80-15
Fuel tank	4.8 gallons
Wheelbase	65.7 inches
Seat height	27.4 inches
Dry weight	748
MSRP	\$10,999 (black) \$11,999 (metallics)



## The Daytona 200: Change and Controversy

Daytona International Speedway hosted the American Motorcyclist Association's Superbike series, as usual, but this turned out to be a very atypical week at the track.

Major change was in the air: The day before the historic 200-mile race lit up the high banks it was announced that the Daytona Motorsports Group (the folks that run

NASCAR) would take over the AMA's road-racing program.

This means the series could see some major alterations. DMG has already announced it wants to return superbikes to the Day-






#### YAMAHA YZF-R6

While the Honda is a mellow, laid-back retro cruiser that harkens back to simpler times, Yamaha's new R6 is a futuristic rocket. Yamaha has always had an amazing machine in the R6, and they have steadily improved the breed with each update. For 2008, not only has overall performance been sharpened (which no doubt helped Yamaha rider Ben Bostrom win Daytona's 600 Supersport race), but the company also has enhanced the bike's overall rideability, making it far more user-friendly off the track.

The engine gets new pistons and more than 50 new "strategies" to reduce friction, improving engine response and power. The 599-cc four revs to 16,500 rpm, which in the past translated to not a lot of low-end power. But thanks to the inclusion of Yamaha's Chip Controlled Intake, the

powerband has been increased and the engine peaks less than before. Computer chips also control the throttle instead of a cable, and you can finesse the twist grip with the kind of precision that makes riding smoothly on a curvy back road an easy affair. A torque-limiting "slipper" style clutch keeps the rear wheel from locking up in case you downshift the six-speed transmission too abruptly—again, in the relentless pursuit of smoother riding.

The R6 chassis is re-crafted, starting with the frame, which is thickened in key areas to increase stiffness for higher corner speeds while improving overall balance. The rear swingarm is reengineered to be stronger than before, but none of these reinforcements appreciably add to the R6's incredibly wispy 366-pound dry weight.

All these refinements create a super-sports motorcycle that accelerates and changes direction effortlessly. Amazingly, though, the bike still displays rock-solid speed stability and excellent traffic manners. The riding position is hard-core sporty, but your trips will be tolerable, as you'll get there very, very quickly. 

The R6 is as quick as it looks, and is armed with more innovative technology than you can shake a lightsaber at.

#### SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled inline four cylinder
Bore x stroke	67 mm x 42.5 mm
Displacement	599 cc
Fuel system	Fuel injection
Ignition	Transistorized
Transmission	Six-speed
Front suspension	41-mm inverted telescopic fork
	four-way adjustable
Rear suspension	Single shock,
	four-way adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 310-mm discs
Rear brake	Single 220-mm disc
Front tire	120/70-ZR17
Rear tire	180/55-ZR17
Fuel tank	4.6 gallons
Wheelbase	54.3 inches
Seat height	33.5 inches
Dry weight	335 pounds
MSRP	\$9,599

tona 200, instead of running the Formula Xtreme 600s, which have been dominating the race since 2005. This makes sense; superbike is the true premier class and the

less-powerful Formula Xtreme bikes were subbed in for safety (the rear tires on the superbikes occasionally detonated—obviously, a cause for concern). But with recent track changes

that have shortened the time the bikes stay on the banking, many believe the bigger bikes can safely run it once again.

The superbikes may be returning in 2009, but the

Formula Xtreme bikes certainly didn't leave without some drama. Erion Honda's Josh Hayes (pictured) blasted to a 30-second victory over Attack Kawasaki's Chaz Davies, only

to see his bike disqualified due to an alleged illegal crankshaft modification. Honda is appealing the decision, but as of press time, Kawasaki's Davies is still the winner.



## Cosmetic Perjury

Think twice before you manscape your chest hair, loverboy. Penthouse Pet Bree Olson wants you to throw away the facial scrub and get a firm grip on your manhood.

By Jonathan Ages

### GET HANDS ON

"Guys need to get back to working with their hands. I like a really masculine guy. I hate when a guy's hands are softer than mine. That gives me the heebie-jeebies. Go out and get dirty with some oil from working on the car. And stop taking longer than me to get ready in the morning!"

### GET GOOD HEAD

"Don't dye your hair. It's feminine. There are so many dudes in porn with frosted tips. I don't like that. I wouldn't date a guy with highlights—ever. It wouldn't surprise me if men now buy more hair products than women. It just seems like a guy is caring too much if he puts gel in his hair every day, but it's okay on certain occasions. Guys are wired a different way. They should be worrying about sports."

"I hate when a guy's hands are softer than mine. Go out and work on the car."

### DON'T BE A LEG MAN

"I've heard that calf implants are one of the most popular cosmetic surgeries. Don't do that shit, man! I've looked at a chick and said, 'She's got nice legs.' But on a guy? I've never been like, 'Those are nice calves!'"

### KEEP IT CLEAN

"There's nothing feminine about whitened teeth. Getting rid of layers of gunk that have built up over time is part of hygiene."

### YOU, TARZAN

"Let the body hair grow. That's the way guys are supposed to be."


### SPEED RAZOR

"A five-o'clock shadow is so sexy! Shave if you have to go to work, but let it go on the weekend. I like trimmed facial hair, too, but if it takes more than five minutes to trim it's too much. Don't do a drastic, Picasso-like thing."

### GET A LITTLE COLOR

"I prefer a guy with an upper-body tan. It's a sign he's been working outside with his shirt off. That's hot. It gets me horny just thinking about a guy working outside, getting all sweaty and dirty. And you can tell a fake tan. I'll say it again: Go work on the truck."

### FRAGRANCE FOUL

"Mmm, I love cologne. It mixes with a man's pheromones and turns me on big-time. Dab a little on the chest, but don't put anything below the belt—'cause if it smells like cologne, I leave it alone." 



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## Misuse Your Melon

Watermelon is a summer staple, but that doesn't mean it's perfect. Give it the kick it deserves.

By Kara Wahlgren Photograph by Tamara Staples

**T**here are two kinds of summer barbecues. There's the civilized backyard get-together where khaki-clad guests sip homemade sangria, nibble on veggie burgers, and trickle home shortly after sunset. Then there's the kind that *doesn't* suck. The kind of barbecue where you happily surrender your car keys to a designated driver upon entry and grill up pound upon pound of red meat. The kind that ends with your buddy drunk-dialing his third-grade teacher. Where your flip-cup prowess earns far more respect than your second-quarter bonus. Where even the fruit salad will get you tanked.

Infused watermelon is the grill guru's answer to the Jell-O shot; after three or four cubes, you'll wonder why anyone would do shots the old-fashioned way. Better yet, the prep work is a no-brainer. Just stand a large seedless watermelon on its end, lop off the top two inches of rind, insert a funnel into the red flesh, and pour in vodka. Keep pouring until the fruit won't absorb any more liquor. (If you're pressed for time, you can speed up the process: Cut the melon in half lengthwise, bore holes in the flesh with a knife, and pour the vodka into the holes.) When your melon is properly intoxicated, cut it into slices or cubes and serve.

### BEYOND THE BASICS

#### ■ MELON MARTINI

Scoop out half a watermelon with a melon baller and soak the balls in vodka. Scoop out and puree the rest of the melon. Pour puree into martini glasses, then stir a shot of vodka into each and top with three melon balls.

#### ■ MELON ICE

Cut watermelon into small cubes and place in the freezer. Mix a shot of tequila and the juice from half a lemon into a lowball glass of ginger ale, then top with frozen watermelon cubes.

#### ■ MELON PUNCH

Cut the top off a large seedless watermelon and scoop out the flesh, creating a punch bowl with the rind. Puree watermelon and mix with four cups of tequila and two cups of triple sec. Pour the mixture into the rind and top with lemon-lime soda.

After three or four cubes of infused watermelon, you'll wonder why anyone would do shots the old-fashioned way.





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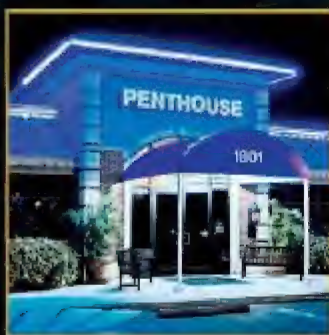
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# wildchild

Since moving from her native Czech Republic to Los Angeles, 19-year-old Krystina Valentine has learned a thing or two about her favorite American pastime: car sex. When she wants to show a guy a good time, she takes him for a ride.

Photographs by Penthouse Studios



[Journal-plaza.net](http://Journal-plaza.net)

[Epidem.ru](http://Epidem.ru)









"I've had sex in a car lots of times.  
I've even had threesomes in a car.  
But when I really want to thrill a  
man, I have sex with him while he's  
driving. Now *that's* crazy!"









"I also like horseback riding. All that speed and power gets my juices flowing. Once the horse is back in the stable, I'm ready for a roll in the hay. And I haven't had a guy say no yet."









"Sex in a hot tub or under a waterfall is hot, too. The rush of the water is exhilarating. So is the threat of being caught. But I wouldn't mind being spotted—I'd probably just invite our voyeur to join in."





"Confidence and cockiness are sexy. Those are the qualities in guys that turn me on. But any man in my company should be prepared to check his ego. I like to be the center of attention!"





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Sunrise Adams



PHW2

Cassia Riley



PHW3

Jennifer Emerson



PHW4

Suzanna Birch



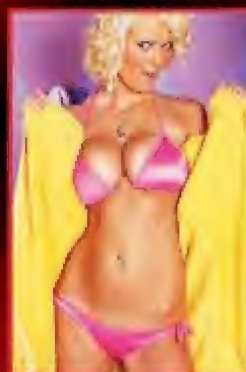
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Tyler Faith



PHW6

Hanna Hilton




PHW7

Jaime Hammer




PHW8


### HOW TO ORDER

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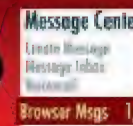
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Settings

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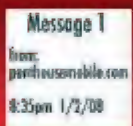
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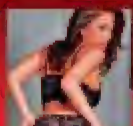
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HEATHER  
VANDEVEN  
PHW9



## SCREENSAVERS

Hanna Hilton



PHS1

Shay Laren



PHS2

Jamie Lynn



PHS3

Heather Vandeven



PHS4

Andie Valentino



PHS5

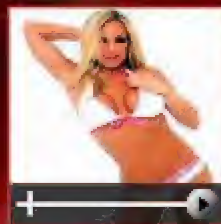
Kimberly Williams



PHS6

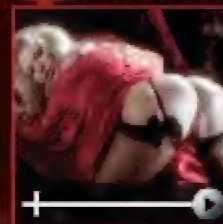
## VIDEOS

Tyler Faith



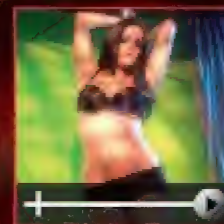
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Nikie St. Giles



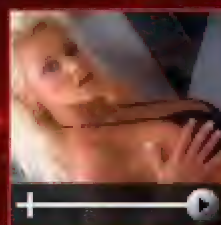
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Mikayla



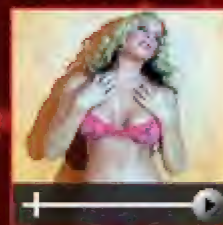
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Zdenka Podkapova



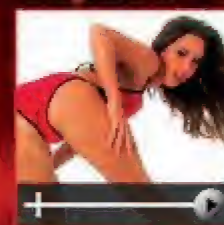
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Nicole Sheridan



PHV5

Lindsey Meadows



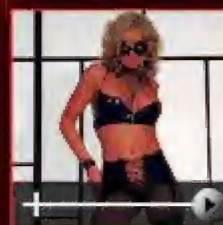
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Suzene



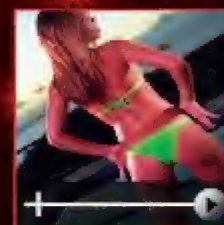
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Montana Bay



PHV8

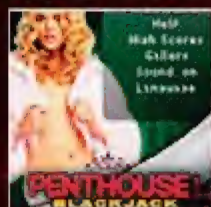
Gabi



PHV9

## GAMES

BLACKJACK



PHG1

SLOT MACHINE



PHG2

SOLITAIRE



PHG3

SUDOKU



PHG4

## RINGTONES

ANSWER THAT B\*TCH

PHR1

HEY BABY

PHR2

BOW CHICA WOW WOW

PHR3

NAUGHTY SPANK

PHR4

LOOKING FOR D\*CK

PHR5

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# girls on film

The 20 big-screen babes we'll be watching with great interest this sizzling season.

By J. Rentilly

Summer is great for a lot of things: cranking up the barbecue, hitting the beach, cranking up the barbecue on the beach. Oh, and checking out the sexiest starlets heating up theaters from May Day to Labor Day.



## FUNNY GIRLS

These smart-aleck knockouts know how to deliver side-splitting punch lines.



### Anne Hathaway *Get Smart*

Two years ago, Hathaway was one of our favorite new starlets (see September 2006 issue). Now, she steps into Barbara Feldon's sexy secret agent shoes as Agent 99, the whipsmart foil to dingbat spy Maxwell Smart (Steve Carell).

**Sexiest Scene to Date:** In *Havoc*, she played a wealthy Los Angeles teen trapped in a gang war. She went topless and experienced her first onscreen orgasm. We became big fans.

**What's Next:** *Passengers*, a Rodrigo Garcia-helmed thriller about plane-crash survivors, and Jonathan Demme's *Dancing With Shiva*, where she plays a once-drug-addicted model returning home for her sister's wedding.

PHOTOGRAPHY: (ANNE HATHAWAY) EVAN AGOSTINI/GETTY IMAGES; (AMBER HEARD) FREDERICK M. BROWN/GETTY IMAGES

### Amber Heard *Pineapple Express*

This tantalizing Texan sharpened her acting chops on *The O.C.*, but we'll forgive her when she tackles film funny as Seth Rogen's anti-pot smoking girlfriend.

**Sexiest Scene to Date:** She's kept her clothes on so far, but we hear she'll be in the buff when she plays a promiscuous druggie in the adaptation of Bret Easton Ellis's sex, drugs, and terrorism saga *The Informers*.

**What's Next:** Indulging her inner scream queen in the remake of the cult horror film *The Stepfather*.





## DISTRESSED BEAUTIES

They're not exactly having the time of their lives, but we'd still like to help them get over it.



### Alexandra Adi *Dealing*

The New York-born hottie with the captivating voice and killer body is starring in an indie film about tragedy and depression. But apparently it's a comedy!

**Sexiest Scene to Date:** A teasing two-fer: that near-lesbian affair in *Slap Her... She's French* and an almost-sex scene in the low-budget horror flick *Mortuary*.

**What's Next:** Remains to be seen—and seen and seen again.



### Melanie Thierry *Babylon A.D.*

This French vixen plays a woman whose perfect DNA may hold the secret to the Messiah's Second Coming. Sometimes the porn spinoffs write themselves!

**Sexiest Scene to Date:** Check out her slow, sultry love scene in the French import *Canone Inverso*. It's worth every last subtitle.

**What's Next:** *Largo Winch*, a crime thriller based on a popular Belgian graphic novel.



### Estella Warren *Wrong Way*

The former Victoria's Secret lingerie model finds herself stuck in a phantasmagorical carnie town overrun by killer clowns. Or: Tuesday at David Lynch's place.

**Sexiest Scene to Date:** In *Her Minor Thing*, she plays a 25-year-old virgin who's weeding through prospective suitors. There's no nudity, but that's one line we wouldn't mind waiting in.

**What's Next:** The Woody Allen-like romantic comedy *See You in September* and the latter-day *Indecent Proposal*, *Irreversi*, which promises sex, money, and moral dilemmas. Or: Thursday at David Lynch's place.





## Liv Tyler

### *The Incredible Hulk*

Steven Tyler's little girl is, of course, all grown up now. This summer she takes over for Jennifer Connelly as Betty Ross, the green machine's love interest. No wonder this guy is always bursting through his clothes.

**Sexiest Scene to Date:** Tyler bared all as the object of lust in Bernardo Bertolucci's *Stealing Beauty*. She also gave Matt Dillon the ride of his life in *One Night at McCool's*, and that's pretty much the only reason to watch it.

**What's Next:** She kicks assailant ass when three goons attempt to take over her house in *The Strangers*.



These gorgeous thespians are unquestionably hot—so what are they doing with the Incredible Hulk, a metrosexual doorman, and Adam Sandler?

## LOVE INTERESTS

## Kristina Klebe

### *The Accidental Husband*

She plays Katerina Bollenbecker, who is much, much finer than that last name might suggest, in this comedic farce starring Uma Thurman as an accidental bride.

**Sexiest Scene to Date:** Her voluptuous figure was no deterrent to Michael Myers' homicidal impulses in Rob Zombie's *Halloween*, but her full-frontal scene was the best thing about the slasher remake.

**What's Next:** The greed-is-good comedy *Public Interest*.



## Emmanuelle Chriqui

### *You Don't Mess With the Zohan*

E's girl Sloan on *Entourage* is simmering and sweet as an Israeli secret agent-turned-hairstylist's ex-girlfriend in this (what else?) wacky Adam Sandler comedy.

**Sexiest Scene to Date:** In the made-for-cable movie *Deceit*, Chriqui showed off her incredible body in a hot-as-hell love scene. Too bad it aired on the not-hot Lifetime network.

**What's Next:** The slapstick comedy *Patriotville*, the mob thriller *Tortured*, and *Cadillac Records*, which charts the rise and fall of an R&B record label.

## Sarah Roemer

### *The Golden Door*

As a wealthy resident of an upscale Manhattan apartment building, she plays hard to get with the metrosexual doorman. Our money is on her making him less metro and more sexual.

**Sexiest Scene to Date:** *Asylum* is a kill-by-numbers slasher flick, but Roemer's nude scene drove us crazy.

**What's Next:** Playing a woman suffering from schizophrenia in the drama *Waking Madison*.



## WANDERING HEARTS

Remember that ex-girlfriend who broke your heart when she ran off with your best friend? The one you'd take back in a second because she's so stunning? These two are like that.



## Charlize Theron *Hancock*

In *Monster*, she was dangerous and hideous. But in *Hancock*, the superhero sendup starring Will Smith and Jason Bateman, she's dangerous and sexy.

**Sexiest Scene to Date:** If you can handle the serious scenery-chomping of Keanu Reeves and Al Pacino in *The Devil's Advocate*, you'll be treated to Theron's devilishly hot sex scenes.

**What's Next:** *The Road*, the next Cormac McCarthy (*No Country for Old Men*) adaptation that'll scare the crap out of you, *friendo*.



## Meagan Good *The Love Guru*

From the underrated *D.E.B.S.* to the overlooked *Brick*, Good has more than lived up to her name. Now she's opposite Mike Myers, who tackles the title role in this self-help parody.

**Sexiest Scene to Date:** She's still making us wait for a love scene, so for now her bikini moment in *House Party 4* will have to do. What, you didn't see *House Party 4*?

**What's Next:** Producing and starring in the indie drama *Sundays in Fort Greene*.



## LAW-ABIDING AND LUST-WORTHY

They carry cuffs and know how to use them. Book us!

### Rosario Dawson

#### *Eagle Eye*

The strong and statuesque beauty teams up with Billy Bob Thornton to stop a political assassination in this action romp.

**Sexiest Scene to Date:** Every one of Dawson's talents is on full display in the director's cut of Oliver Stone's *Alexander*.

**What's Next:** The Will Smith drama *Seven Pounds* and the eye-candy extravaganza *Sin City 2*.



### Amanda Peet

#### Untitled *X-Files* Sequel

She's sure to steal your geek heart as an FBI agent in this much-anticipated sequel.

**Sexiest Scene to Date:** It's hard to beat her naked-with-a-gun scene in *The Whole Nine Yards*, but her girl-on-top *Igby Goes Down* moment gives it a go.

**What's Next:** The crime thriller *Real Men Cry*, with Donnie Wahlberg and Ethan Hawke. Because it takes three to tangle.



### Maggie Gyllenhaal

#### *The Dark Knight*

When the Joker wreaks havoc in Gotham, Gyllenhaal's D.A. helps Batman take back the streets.

**Sexiest Scene to Date:** She's quirky-hot in the kinky *Secretary*. But we'd be remiss if we didn't steer you toward *Sherry Baby*. In our favorite scene, the topless hotness instructs a suitor to kiss her down there, on her freshly shaved parts.

**What's Next:** *The Private Lives of Pippa Lee*, where she plays a jilted wife exploring erotic adventures in an effort to reclaim her identity. Too early to buy tix?

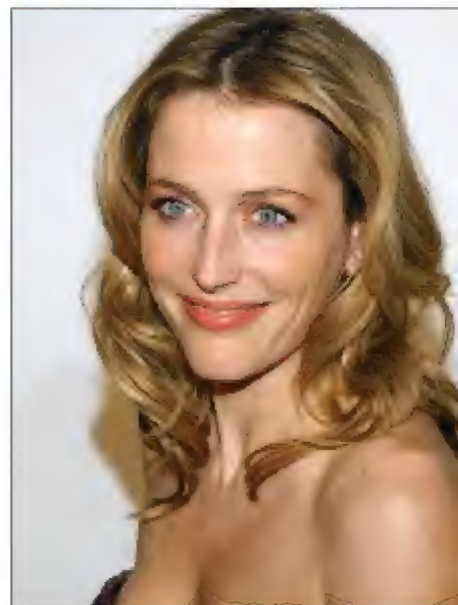
### Gillian Anderson

#### Untitled *X-Files* Sequel

Once again she assumes the position of agent Dana Scully and we wonder anew just how naughty she is beneath that slate-gray pantsuit.

**Sexiest Scene to Date:** In last year's *Straighthead's*, Anderson showed us exactly how out there the truth is while riding her lover to kingdom come.

**What's Next:** The surreptitious-sex and feminism flick *Boogie Woogie* with Roller Girl, er, Heather Graham and the adaptation of the magazine-industry memoir *How to Lose Friends & Alienate People*.





## WOMEN OF ACTION

These ladies know how to play rough and come out on top. Yes, we agree, that sounds pretty hot.

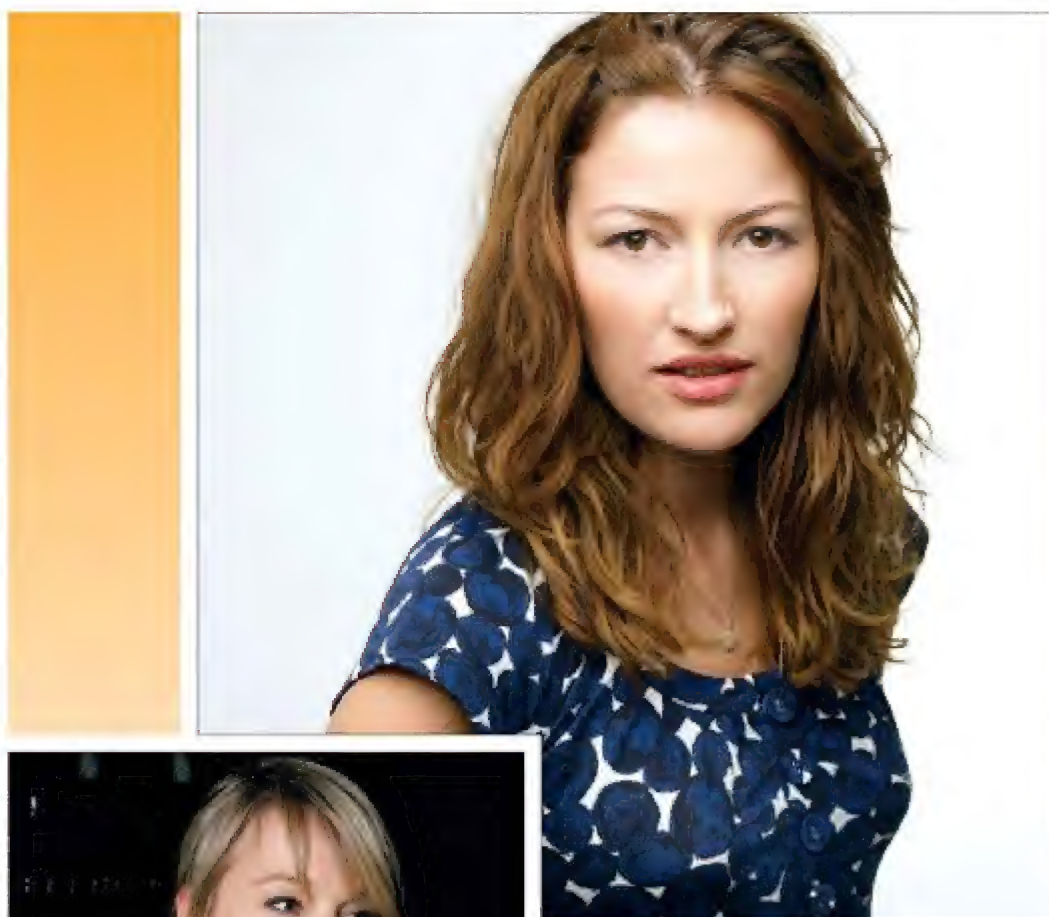


### Zooey Deschanel *The Happening*

She battles global warming and an alien holocaust in M. Night Shyamalan's *The Happening*. With any luck the unusual and intriguing actress can help the one-time next big thing regain his movie-making mojo.

**Sexiest Scene to Date:** Her offscreen in-the-shower duet with Will Ferrell in *Elf* was charming, but for more passion, check out the indie hit *All the Real Girls*.

**What's Next:** Jim Carrey's *Yes Man*, based on a book about a guy who said yes to everything for a year.



### Kelly Macdonald *Choke*

This is adapted from Chuck Palahniuk's novel about a man who frequents 12-step meetings for sexual conquests. Consider us charter members of Macdonald Anonymous.

**Sexiest Scene to Date:** Macdonald has given us plenty of peek-a-boob moments, but nothing beats her sizzling big-screen debut in *Trainspotting*, when she straddled a wasted Ewan McGregor.

**What's Next:** Michael Keaton's dark directorial debut *The Merry Gentleman*, where she plays a divorcée who falls for a hit man after leaving her abusive husband.



### Kristen Hager *Wanted*

This Morgan Freeman-Angelina Jolie film is about ... oh, hell, it has Jolie and Hager—do you really care what it's about?

**Sexiest Scene to Date:** Hager's sultry poolside striptease in *Alien vs. Predator: Requiem* makes that flick watchable. Even re-watchable.

**What's Next:** The made-for-TV thriller *Who Named the Knife*, as a woman obsessed with the outcome of a criminal trial.



## THE TWO JESSICAS

What's in a name? Proof yet again that two is often better than one.



### Jessicas Alba and Simpson *The Love Guru*

Mike Myers plays a guru who aims to solve romantic problems and stop one hockey player's career downturn after his wife leaves him for another player. Alba is the team's owner and Simpson is acting, too—we swear.

**Sexiest Scenes to Date:** Simpson's Daisy in *The Dukes of Hazzard* redefined how we think about shorts; Alba, or a very talented body double, kept us up for days after we saw everything on display in *The Sleeping Dictionary*.

**What's Next:** Alba as exotic dancer Nancy Callahan in *Sin City 2*, and Simpson stretches to play a celebrity airhead who accidentally enlists in the Army in *Major Movie Star*. So unrealistic!





# The Way of the Goon

Recent reports of the NHL enforcer's demise have been greatly exaggerated.

By John Bolster

**R**odney Dangerfield's old line about going to a boxing match and seeing a hockey game break out is not as farfetched as you might think. Fighting has been a part of hockey in North America since the beginning, and in the 1920s, soon after the NHL officially regulated "fisticuffs" in its rulebook, legendary boxing promoter Tex Rickard got himself a franchise in the league. Rickard was attracted, at least in part, by the opportunity to hype fights between the enforcers of different teams.

How did pro hockey in North America come to occupy its unique position as the only sport in the world not to punish fighting by outright ejection from the game? That depends on who you ask. The fighting abolitionists would argue that fighting is allowed, even encouraged, because it sells tickets. The fighting apologists claim that brawling is a necessary form of self-policing in an extremely physical and fast-paced game. The referees can't possibly keep track of all the rough stuff happening on the ice, they argue, so fighting is a deterrent against excessively rough play, and a way to protect star players from cheap shots. Under this rubric, the game developed players whose primary function was to fight—the enforcers, the tough guys, the goons. As Anaheim Ducks winger Teemu Selanne has said, "It feels good to have a tough guy in the lineup. I look at it as insurance."

This logic has a soundness to it—until you consider that every major European league, as well as Olympic and college hockey, punishes

fighting by ejection, and none of them have descended into an orgy of unchecked violence. Not yet, anyway. (NHL *playoff* hockey is also curiously fight-free.)

But wherever you stand in this debate, one thing is clear: Fighting is tightly woven into the cultural fabric of the NHL, and it's not going anywhere anytime soon. There was a feeling afoot after the lockout of 2004-'05 that the enforcers' days were numbered. Desperate to rebound from the labor strife, the league instituted new rules designed to favor the skill players, open up the game, and increase scoring. The thinking was that the tough guys, with their limited skill set, wouldn't be able to keep up. *The Hockey News* even ran a cover story in October 2006 headlined "The Death of the Goon." Fighting did drop off significantly the first year after the lockout—from 789 scraps to 466, according to [HockeyFights.com](http://HockeyFights.com). But the number crept up last year (497 fights) and was on pace to approach pre-lockout levels this season (projected 675).

Now that teams have adjusted to the new rules—and in the case of the instigator rules governing fighting, actually loosened them—physical play and intimidation have come roaring back. No team has mastered these reborn tactics better than the Anaheim Ducks, whose GM, Brian Burke, has said, "In our bottom six forwards, we look for the requisite level of pugnacity, truculence, belligerence, hostility, and testosterone." The Ducks led the league in penalties and fights last season—and walked away with Lord Stanley's trophy come June. Don't think other teams didn't notice.

Some would argue that it's not the old goonery at work, but a modified



## ENFORCER 2.0

Making a living as an NHL tough guy is as, well, tough as ever.

### GEORGES LARAQUE

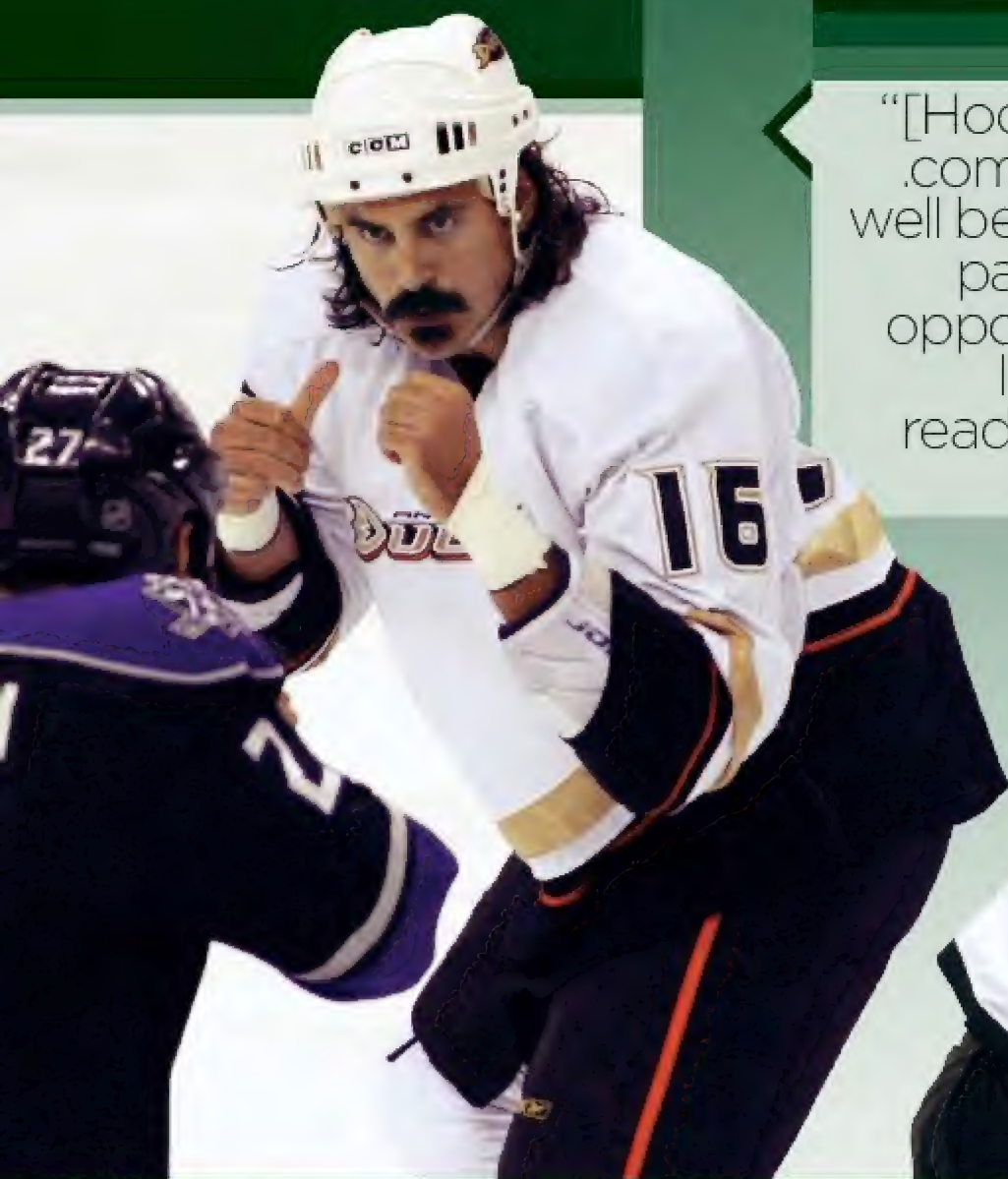
6'3", 230 pounds

Pittsburgh Penguins

"It's the toughest job in hockey. Some guys can't even sleep in the afternoon if they know they're gonna fight that night. That's how hard it is mentally."

version in which tough guys cannot simply be fighters, but, in the words of NBC hockey broadcaster Bill Clement, must be able "to hold their own on the ice when their fists aren't flying." This is true, but only





**GEORGE PARROS**  
6'5", 232 pounds  
Anaheim Ducks

"[HockeyFights.com] might as well be my home page. I study opponents, just like getting ready for a test at school."

**TODD FEDORUK**  
6'2", 235 pounds  
Minnesota Wild

Fedoruk's comment below came after he was knocked unconscious by the Rangers' Colton Orr in a March 2007 fight. Earlier that season, Fedoruk had had two titanium plates permanently embedded in his face after injuries suffered in a fight with Minnesota's Derek Boogaard.

"I guess I got my bell rung."



**DAVE HANSON**  
6'1", 195 pounds  
Detroit Red Wings and  
Minnesota North Stars  
Charlestown Chiefs in the  
movie *Slap Shot*, as well as  
numerous real-life minor-  
league teams

"I left everything on the ice. That often meant dropping the gloves and knocking the snot out of the other guy."

to a point. The game has gotten faster and tighter and teams can't afford to keep a guy on the ice too long if he's glaringly short of hockey skills. And yet the Ducks deploy the six-foot-five, 232-pound Princeton grad George

**WARREN YOUNG**  
6'3", 195 pounds  
ex-Pittsburgh Penguins enforcer

"It's not fun. Your hands hurt. Your head hurts. Those punches are for real."

Parros (one goal, 176 penalty minutes through 61 games), the Flyers suit up six-foot-two, 215-pound Riley Cote (one goal, 183 penalty minutes through 57 games), and the Calgary Flames send out six-foot-four, 227-pound Eric Godard (one goal, 150 penalty minutes through 59 games).

Perhaps most telling, the two best players in the NHL, Sidney Crosby of Pittsburgh and Alexander Ovechkin of Washington, are protected by arguably the most old-school enforcers in the game, Georges Laraque and

Donald Brashear, respectively. When Clement argues that the "goons are gone from the NHL, but not the pugilists, who are around to protect and serve their teammates," isn't he just splitting hairs?

Yes, the more things change in hockey, the more they stay the same. The NHL franchise that boxing promoter Tex Rickard acquired back in the twenties was immediately nicknamed Tex's Rangers, and it still endures today as, you guessed it, the New York Rangers. Tex's team had an enforcer when it won the 1928 Stanley Cup—the five-foot-eleven, 210-pound Ivan "Ching" Johnson from Winnipeg, Manitoba. Today's Rangers have one, too—the six-foot-three, 220-pound Colton Orr ... from Winnipeg, Manitoba.



# Gametime

## Penthouse Hall of Fame

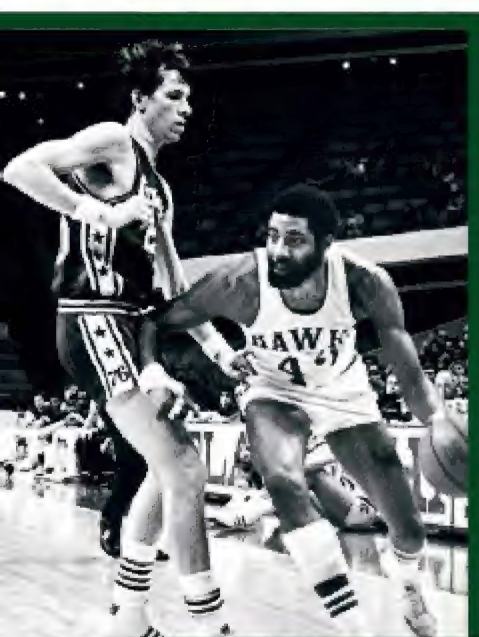
Despite being unfairly banished during his prime, New York City playground legend Connie Hawkins still ended up in the Hall of Fame.

**L**egend has it Connie Hawkins first dunked a basketball when he was only 11. Stories of his exploits at Harlem's Rucker Park grew more fantastic with each passing year. "Someone said if I didn't break the laws of gravity, I was slow to obey them," Hawkins once said. The six-foot-eight forward was, according to his contemporary Doug Moe, "the first guy on that Dr. J-Michael Jordan level" in terms of explosiveness and soaring flights to the basket.

But most fans never saw him in his prime. When his name was linked to people accused of fixing games in New York in the early sixties, Hawkins was expelled from the University of Iowa and blackballed from the NBA. The only basketball option left was the American Basketball League and, after that, the Harlem Globetrotters.

In 1967 Hawkins joined the fledgling ABA to prove he had the talent to play in the NBA. Mission accomplished: He led the league in scoring, won the MVP award, and led his Pittsburgh Pipers to the first ABA title.

Two years later, the NBA lifted the ban. Hawkins joined the Phoenix Suns at age 27 and averaged 24.6 points per game in his first season. In seven seasons, he made four All-Star Games, and—amazingly—never expressed bitterness toward the league. The Suns retired his number in 1976; he was inducted into the Basketball Hall of Fame in 1991.—J.B.



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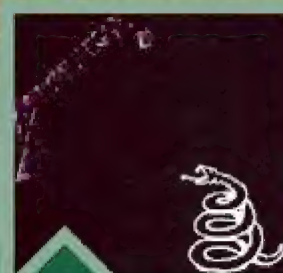
## Closing Time

Ranking baseball closers' entrance music

**T**he home team leads by one run as we go to the bottom of the ninth inning. The closer fires his last warm-up throw in the bullpen, and with an icy glare to the catcher, signals that he's ready for his entrance. The stadium is buzzing. The beat drops ...and the Counting Crows' mid-nineties Top 40 hit "Mr. Jones" twinkles out of the P.A. system.

Or such was the case for Todd Jones during his first run with the Tigers back in the late nineties. Now, you'll sooner see Crows frontman Adam Duritz and his fake dreads on the pitcher's mound than hear his music as a closer's introduction song.

In 2008, it's all about high-energy and intimidation. Here are five of baseball's top closers' intro songs, and our grades on each selection.



### HUSTON STREET

Oakland Athletics

**Song:** "Hate Me Now," Nas

**Grade:** B Of course, the A's in-game entertainment staff bleeps out the "Die motherfucker / Motherfucker die" lyric.

### J. J. PUTZ

Seattle Mariners

**Song:** "Thunderstruck," AC/DC

**Grade:** C Would be a lot cooler had it not been already used and made famous by John Smoltz five years ago.

### JONATHAN PAPELBON

Boston Red Sox

**Song:** "I'm Shipping Up to Boston," Dropkick Murphys

**Grade:** C Great: the song from *The Departed*. Awesome, Boston fans. Cue tubby white guys in backward baseball hats slapping hands. Whoo-hoo!  
—Peter Schrager

### MARIANO RIVERA

New York Yankees

**BILLY WAGNER**  
New York Mets

**Song:** "Enter Sandman," Metallica

**Grade:** A Is it a bit dated? Sure. Is it still the best in the game? No question.

### TREVOR HOFFMAN

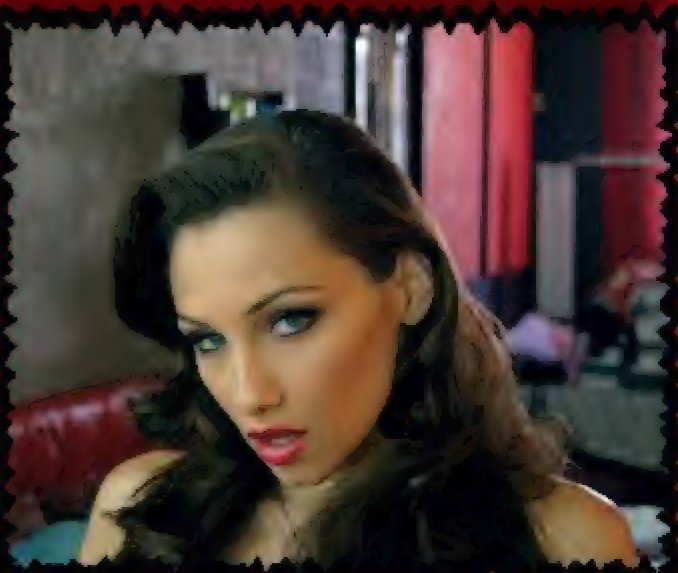
San Diego Padres

**Song:** "Hells Bells," AC/DC

**Grade:** B Would be an "A" if the all-time saves leader ever came up big in a clutch spot.

These days, it's all about intimidation: You'll sooner see Counting Crows frontman Adam Duritz and his fake dreads on the mound than hear his music as a closer's intro song.





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# Lost in the Killing Fields

*Forty years ago, at the height of the Vietnam War, Specialist Four McKinley Nolan disappeared in Cambodia. Some people say he's a hero; the Army claims he's a traitor. His family—and one obsessed veteran—just want to find out if he survived the most murderous regime of modern times.*

*By Richard Linnett*

"I get these calls from Cambodia," Dan Smith says to me on the phone in a cranky voice, a morning voice, as if a nightmare or an alarm clock just rocked him out of bed. "In the middle of the goddamn night. Something about bones. They found his bones. And then the phone cuts off, goes dead."

Smith is a Vietnam vet who served two years in the trenches with Big Red One, the Army's First Infantry Division in Tay Ninh and Cambodia and other harsh places. He was wounded in a fierce firefight in 1971, north of Saigon, and lost his right leg. He's retired now, on a military pension, but fighting a new battle. He's trying to find a man he considered, until very recently, a traitor.

McKinley Nolan, Specialist Fourth Class, Company A, 2nd Battalion, 16th Regiment, 1st Infantry Division, is one of only two officially recognized defectors of the Vietnam War and the only

one still at large. (Marine Private Robert Garwood turned himself in in 1979, four years after the war ended, and was court-martialed for collaborating with the enemy.) Nolan left his Army platoon in Tay Ninh on the Cambodian frontier more than 40 years ago and vanished, leaving behind a wife and infant son in Texas. The Army claims he was radicalized and went native, joining the Vietcong and then the Khmer Rouge. Propaganda leaflets in his handwriting with his picture were distributed by the Vietcong, and his voice was heard over Radio Hanoi, calling on fellow black soldiers to drop their guns and desert.

"My dear colored friends in U.S. troops in South Vietnam," he wrote in one pamphlet. "I am taking the pleasure to write you these words to let you know how I feel about the war and also what I have learned. It is not us colored people that the freedom





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fighters dislike. It is those who push us to the front. We are the first on line but the last to receive the bread. [The Vietcong] are fighting for liberty. Why don't we colored people stick together and help them, because we want the same thing ourselves."

In 2005, Dan Smith thought he ran across Nolan in Tay Ninh. Smith was returning to the country where many died long ago. He had killed many Vietnamese as a soldier, and had returned, as many veterans do, to make amends. He was on a humanitarian mission, delivering wheelchairs and crutches to amputees like himself. "I was visiting the Cao Dai temple. I saw this black man standing in front of a building. He looked around 60 years old. When he saw me approaching, he stepped back as if he didn't want to be seen. I shouted out to him, 'Hey, you a GI?' And he said, 'Yes, I was in the First Infantry in 1967.'"

Smith engaged this reticent fellow with a few more questions, learned he was from Texas and that he went by the name Buller. But when he tried to take a picture of him, the man angrily waved him off, said "no pictures," and walked away.

"As he was walking away," Smith recalled, "an old Vietnamese man came up to me, and points to the man and shouts, 'VC! American VC!' I tried to catch up with the guy but I couldn't with my leg. He was gone."

When Smith returned to the States, he looked up "Buller" in the Library of Congress's POW/MIA database and came across a large file, the McKinley Nolan case, more than a thousand pages on an American defector the Vietnamese called "Buller," apparently because he was big and strong like a bull and the Vietnamese often used him to pull ox carts. Nolan had become the stuff of grunt folklore, often seen armed and in the company of VC patrols and a beautiful Vietnamese woman, a Mata Hari and guerrilla who was his lover. He was credited with extraordinary exploits, such as single-handedly infiltrating isolated Army outposts and stealing armored personnel carriers and weapons caches. Military intelligence hunted him down but he always avoided capture, melting into the woods with his comrades. As far as the U.S. brass is concerned, if he is found alive today he will be court-martialed and prosecuted for desertion, sedition, aiding the enemy, and possibly murder. There is no statute of limitations for traitors.

Doug Ramsey, a former Foreign Service officer, spent seven years in and around the rain forest-shrouded POW compounds of Kratie province in Cambodia, suffering the chills and fevers of malaria, the intense muscle cramps of beriberi, and the pain of dysentery. Captured in 1966 while attempting to organize a shipment of emergency food to refugees on the border between Vietnam and Cambodia, Ramsey was held in a Cambodian camp near where Nolan was living with the Vietcong. "We were held in one part of the forest, and you could hear the other guys deeper in the woods," Ramsey told me. "We never really saw them. But we got news of them. Nolan was over there with his woman."

Ramsey recalled seeing Nolan's propaganda while he was a POW: "The guards showed us McKinley's writings. It had an effect on some of the guys; it kind of broke down our spirit. A lot of POWs ended up writing things to save their skin. Even I wrote something condemning the war. But some of us would draw a line. We wouldn't go too far. Nolan went all the way. He tried to get men to defect."

I've been investigating Nolan since 1997, tracking evidence that he's still alive, slowly building a book project. Over the years, I've worked with McKinley's brother Michael, who lives in Austin, Texas, and sells recycled shipping pallets for a living; McKinley's surviving son Roger, who was two years old when his father disap-



A map of Cambodia made from human skulls and bones at the museum of Tuol Sleng, which was used by the Khmer Rouge as a torture and interrogation center. One eyewitness claims Nolan was clubbed to death by the Khmer Rouge in 1977.

peared; and McKinley's wife Mary, who lives in Washington, Texas, near the Brazos River, not far from the shotgun shack she shared with McKinley when he enlisted in 1965. Washington is rural and poor; basically the Deep South. When McKinley was growing up here, Jim Crow laws separated blacks from whites. He was a simple, guileless fellow who worked most of his life as a farmhand and enlisted, as most young people do, to see the world.

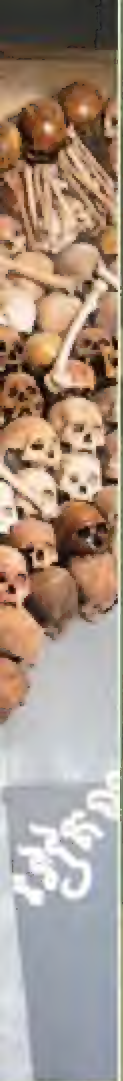
Mary has always insisted Nolan didn't join the Vietcong but was captured, and she has tried to force the Army to release his personnel records to prove it. The Army has refused, arguing that a soldier's documents can be released to next of kin only when the soldier is deceased—and 40 years after Nolan's disappearance, he's still listed as AWOL.

Dan Smith tracked down the family last year. When I first spoke to him, he sounded possessed. There are a lot of Vietnam vets who are into conspiracy theories, unsubstantiated "bright-light," or live POW, sightings. Smith wanted to bring Nolan back to justice. He's got time on his hands, and he's angry. He wanted to know how a man who took up arms against his fellow Americans could still be on the loose. After all the death he saw in Vietnam, it just wasn't fair. Smith had a new mission, less charitable than delivering wheelchairs.

"What are you gonna do about it if you find him?" Smith challenged me. "I know what I'm gonna do."

I arranged for him to meet the Nolan family. They were willing, even though Smith seemed hell-bent on hunting down Nolan. They just wanted to know if McKinley's really alive and if this stranger had actually seen him. They figured they had nothing to lose. Smith flew from his hometown in Washington State. In person, he was impressive—not your stereotypically unkempt,





(Top) Nolan being greeted by a Vietcong soldier after he defected in November 1967. (Above) Dan Smith in Cambodia, searching for the truth

about Nolan, in April 2008. (Top left) The Cao Dai temple, where Smith thought he saw Nolan in 2005.



wild-eyed Vietnam vet. He was clean-cut, well spoken, and walked confidently with a prosthetic leg. He was like an old warrior looking to fight one more day.

Smith was born in Compton, California, in 1951; he dropped out of high school and went to Vietnam in 1969 out of a sense of duty. "My family has always been soldiers," he says. His grandfather was a World War I vet, his uncle served in Korea, and his father served in World War II, landing on Omaha Beach with the Normandy invasion. "He lay down there on the beach, pinned down by enemy fire, for three days, his friends dying around him, waiting for reinforcements. Because of that, he never took us to the beach. He hated the beach. And we lived in Southern California."

In Southeast Asia, Smith operated with the Army Recon Rangers in Cambodia. He was in the initial invasion of Cambodia in 1970, when the military secretly moved across borders to suppress the Vietcong sanctuaries and capture weapons caches.

"We found the biggest weapons caches in Cambodia. They called it the City. It was immense; it was terrifying to see all the

ammunition. We killed 40 NVA soldiers going into the villages."

The base camp of the 1st Infantry Division in Vietnam was in Lai Khe. "It was a relatively secure base, but once you left the front gate on Highway 13 headed towards Tay Ninh, you were in Indian country," Dan recalled.

Highway 13, the road between Lai Khe and Tay Ninh was called "Thunder Road" by the grunts. For eight months Dan was based at a "night defensive position" nicknamed "Thunder Three" on a desolate stretch of ground between the two villages. In April 1970, Thunder Three was attacked by the enemy. It was later called the Battle of Thunder Road.

"Thunder Road was the most devastating night of my life. We got overrun; we only had about 120 men. There were 47 casualties that night and we couldn't get resupplied for a couple of days."

During that battle, Smith killed his first enemy. "He was two feet in front of me. I could see his eyes. He was very young. I can't even count how many I killed in Vietnam. But it's that first one that I can't forget, that I have problems with. Until you kill somebody, you don't know. It destroys you. It destroyed me. I am not a cold-blooded man."

When Smith's first tour of duty was over, he went home to take time off while waiting to return on his voluntary second tour. His father, who was wounded in World War II on that beach in Normandy, surprised him by pleading with him not to return. He tried to persuade Smith to go to Canada instead. "He said, 'This is the wrong war. I don't want you there,'" Dan recalled. "I told him I had friends there; I had to go back."

He returned and spent another year in Vietnam, earning the rank Sergeant. "I thought about making it a career. I had a lot of dreams, thought about going to college, going to medical school. In fact, in my unit, I was called Doc because our medic was killed in a battle and we didn't get a replacement medic for so long, I did the work. The medic who was killed was my friend; he had taught me a lot. So I just kind of took over."

One night in the central highlands, his life changed forever. Dan was in a two-man reconnaissance team pulling security for an engineer battalion. The engineers were building a road through the mountains and had been ambushed several times. Dan and his partner were scouting for signs of North Vietnamese Army or VC activity. "And we found them," said Dan. "We could hear them, in the forest." They cut a retreat through a swamp and as they emerged, covered with leeches, the guerrillas attacked them with command-detonated landmines.

"Four of them exploded," Smith says. "One blew my leg off; another one sent me flying. My partner fell on his stomach and a





In April, Dan Smith and Michael Nolan set out together to trace McKinley's strange journey. Michael is battling prostate cancer. He is convinced it's now or never to find his long-lost brother.

mine blew him literally in half. I was just spilling blood. I sat up to apply a tourniquet and got shot. Finally, I just lay on my back and started spraying the bushes where I was at and screamed. All I could see were flashes from the bush. I sprayed clip after clip and then suddenly it went dead quiet."

The engineers eventually found Dan and brought him down the mountain. When he talks about it today, he breaks down—as he did when he met the Nolan family at Mary's modest home and told them that he thought he had seen her man.

It was an emotional moment. Tears in her eyes, Mary, who never remarried, vowed to take McKinley back despite his long absence and whatever may have happened to him. "When we got married, I told the preacher, 'Till death do us part,'" she said. "I meant it then, and I still mean it. Till death do us part."

Her passion and his own memories of battle seemed to suddenly engulf Dan Smith. A psychologist might call it "sudden conversion syndrome," but whatever it was, with a cigarette dangling from his mouth and his eyes red and watery with welled-up emotion, Smith dramatically changed his mind about the man he had vowed to hunt down. "I was a scared 18-year-old kid when I went to Vietnam," he says. "I was in the country nine days and my company got wiped out. I was a scared kid, but I survived. That's why I understand McKinley. He was scared, like me."

He told Mary that he was still determined to find Nolan—not to bring him back to a traitor's justice, but simply to bring him, finally, home to his family. As promised, Smith traveled to Kampong Cham province, where Nolan was last seen alive, one month after I introduced him to the Nolan family. He did it on his own, with his own money, and against my advice. Cambodia is no country for old men, even those with two legs. Much of the backcountry here



(Top) Reconnaissance photo of the village of Sangkum Mean Chey, Cambodia, where McKinley lived with his family and the Khmer Rouge. (Above) Viet Cong

propaganda photo of McKinley taking tea with his VC comrades around November 1967.

is accessible only by narrow dirt roads that are passable only in the dry season, and there are old land mines buried everywhere. The Nolans wanted Smith to go; they asked me to give him directions, information, and photos of McKinley to show the villagers. Armed with my research, he arrived in Cambodia, hired an interpreter in Kampong Cham, and set out.

"It was the first time many of these people had seen a white man," Smith said about his arrival in that remote region.

The village elders remembered Nolan fondly. He worked hard, they recalled, was always friendly, and lived there in peace for a few years. He lived with a Vietnamese lover, allegedly a Saigon prostitute, who bore him a son in Vietnam and had talked him into deserting. The woman became pregnant with another child in Sangkum Mean Chey village and later delivered a baby girl, whom Nolan named, oddly, Mary. A Khmer Rouge cadre took over the village in 1975 and things changed dramatically.

"You realize the villagers loved McKinley," Smith says. "He'd sing Cambodian songs to them to cheer them up when the Khmer



Rouge took over and treated everyone so viciously. As the Khmer Rouge became more brutal toward the villagers, McKinley would literally step in front to protect them. They all loved him."

The villagers also claimed that McKinley did not intentionally join the Vietcong. He "quit the war" and was trying to escape to Cambodia with his new family, but he was captured by the Vietcong, who used him for their own propaganda and then tossed him aside, eventually releasing him to the chief of the village when they retreated up the Ho Chi Minh trail after a U.S. bombing raid.

"Of course, in the end," Smith adds, "he wanted to go home. He knew when the Khmer Rouge took over that his time was up. The entire village prayed that American soldiers would come to rescue him, but no one came. The villagers told me that even McKinley prayed that the Americans would come to rescue him."

The Khmer Rouge moved McKinley and his family to Chamkar Cafe, a village some 50 miles deeper into the forest, where there was a prison camp. He was allowed to work the fields, but at night he was closely guarded. In Chamkar Cafe Dan found an old-timer named Cham Sone who cried and beat his breast when Dan showed him a picture of McKinley.

Cham Sone told a chilling story: "The Khmer Rouge increasingly became paranoid about McKinley ... [and so] on a September morning in 1977, the Khmer Rouge commander sent McKinley's son into the cornfield to have his father return to the headquarters building. The cornfield was across the road from the building, and when McKinley walked out of the field onto the dirt road, three or four Khmer Rouge soldiers stopped him at gunpoint. They tied McKinley's

hands behind his back, put a blindfold over his eyes, and walked him down the road and into the rubber-tree field that surrounded the corn and coffee fields. Once inside the grove, McKinley was hit in the head from behind, sending him sprawling to the ground. Then all of the soldiers began beating McKinley with clubs until he died. Finished with their murder, the soldiers buried McKinley's body in a shallow half-meter grave. Then, they returned to the barracks where McKinley's wife, baby daughter, and son were, and beat them to death. They took the bodies into the coffee field and buried them. Following the burial of the children and their mother, the Khmer Rouge soldiers returned to the scene of their crime and killed and ate McKinley's dog."

"The villagers told me he didn't make a sound as they clubbed him to death, not a word," said Smith. "He didn't try to escape."

The field where Nolan was said to be buried has been re-plowed several times and it is likely his remains are gone forever. But his presence still lingers in the village of Sankgum Mean Chey, and there is a very tangible and enduring reminder—a rice paddy that he built and planted himself, which is still used by the villagers.


Michael Nolan is not discouraged. In his opinion, without forensic evidence—in other words, bones—

this latest information proves absolutely nothing. "I won't be convinced till I go there and find out for myself," he said. "And what about that man Buller? Who was that?"

Good question. Dan Smith is convinced that the villagers of Kampong Cham province are telling the real story about McKinley Nolan. Perhaps Buller is an imposter, Dan suggests, an American expat fortune hunter looking to sponge off the flood of Vietnam vets who return to 'Nam as tourists. He doesn't know. But he hopes to find out soon for certain.

In April, I set out with Dan, Michael, and award-winning documentary filmmaker Henry Corra to retrace McKinley's steps and Dan's search. Everything Dan had found we found—the villagers who knew McKinley and the lingering, haunting presence of this American who once lived among them—but we did not find the man or his remains. Armed with new insight and some additional evidence, we plan to return later this year to dig deeper into the mystery. Michael is confident we will find a final answer. Michael is now battling prostate cancer. He is convinced that it is now or never to find his long-lost brother.

Dan Smith also has health issues. Recently diagnosed with Lou Gehrig's disease, he has already experienced early-stage symptoms. The disease does not affect the mind, which remains sharp, but the body progressively degenerates. He wants to live to fight just one more day—this time for a good cause.

"McKinley was no coward," Dan says passionately. "I don't care what the goddamn U.S. military believes. The Cambodians loved him. He helped them. That man was a hero." 

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# The Porno Oscars

Each January, the adult-entertainment industry kicks off the new year by celebrating the best porn of the year before. This year that included one of our own DVDs!

By Eric Danville • Photographs by Marc Medoff/Adult Press Service



It's hard to imagine a town more suited to hosting the adult-entertainment industry than Las Vegas. The similarities between the modern porn biz and Sin City are myriad: They were founded by mobsters, they appeal to the instinctual drive to stimulate and satisfy internal pleasure centers, and they generate a

lot of cash for whichever players claw their way to the top of the heap. When the Adult Entertainment Expo, the annual convention sponsored by the smut-trade journal *Adult Video News*, returned to the Sands Expo Conven-





tion Center in January, it was the tenth such gathering of the tribes since AEE outgrew the Consumer Electronics Show, host to porn's biggest weekend from 1983 to 1998.

At the end of the convention, the AEE shoots its proverbial wad with the Adult Video News Movie Awards (frequently referred to in the mainstream media as "the Porno Oscars"), where dozens of erotic-video performers (referred to in polite company as "talent") are feted for their ability to fuck (referred to in polite company as "work with") other performers.

The similarities between the award ceremony and the Oscars are also myriad, and would overflow the most generous D cup: Lipo'd, botoxed, and siliconed starlets stroll down the red carpet; amateur and professional paparazzi capture their every move; and there's more existentially questionable star power than in any monetary powerhouse this side of the fashion industry.

Penthouse Pet Tera Patrick and comedian Greg Fitzsimmons hosted the gala, which was held at the Mandalay Bay Events Center, a 6,000-seat

Penthouse Digital Media made some noise, picking up a statuette for Best Foot Fetish Release for the *Variations* title *Stiletto*.

mini-stadium usually reserved for musical acts like Rascal Flatts and Rush. And if it is, as they say, an honor just to be nominated, the honor was as thick as jizz on Jenna Jameson's jaw. Nominations were made by AVN staffers in 110 categories that celebrated achievements technical (Best Art Direction,

Video), commercial (Best Online Marketing Campaign, Company Image), and sexual (Best Anal Sex Scene—our favorite award because the acceptance speeches are always so inspiring).

The awards show inspired its own moment of YouTube madness when industry legend (and Penthouse Pet) Jenna Jameson presented the Jenna Jameson Crossover Star of the Year Award to industry superstar (and Penthouse Pet) Stormy Daniels in celebration of the

1. The Penthouse Clubs booth at AEE; 2. Penthouse Pet Sunny Leone (left) and Lanny Barbie; 3. Penthouse Pet Jenna Jameson and Tito Ortiz arrive at the AVN Awards; 4. our May 2008 cover model, Nikki Benz; 5. Penthouse Pet Tera Patrick, the cohost of the award ceremony; 6. a tit-flashing model; 7. Ron Jeremy with his PETA ad; 8. Carmen Luvana (left) and March '08 Pet Bree Olson; 9. Belladonna, one of our 2007 American badasses, with a very lucky fan; 10. Jesse Jane; 11. Briana Banks; 12. proof that AEE is just what you expect; 13. our February '07 Pet, Stormy Daniels; 14. Penthouse Pets (from left to right) Justine Joli (2008 Pet of the Year Runner-Up), Erica Elyson (2008 Pet of the Year), Melissa Jacobs (October '05), Cali Taylor (February '08), Brea Lynn (November '06), and Jaime Hammer (December '07)





luscious Louisianan's achievements in mainstream entertainment. Following a series of disjointed references to her past year in the tabloids, Jameson announced, "I'll never spread my legs in this industry again." After a mild chorus of boos quieted down, Daniels followed that pronouncement with one of her own: "I love you, Jenna, but I'm gonna spread my legs a little longer." It was a moment that brought a tear to this reporter's eye, much like when Penthouse Digital Media made some noise by picking up a statuette

Industry legend Jenna Jameson presented the Crossover Star of the Year Award to Penthouse Pet Stormy Daniels.

for Best Foot Fetish Release with the *Variations* title *Stiletto*.

Before the AEE broke up with CES, adult-industry pros would conduct business while their slightly more legitimate counterparts worked the floor for the gadget biz; CES provided porn fans with the chance to press the flesh with A-, B-, and D-list starlets who gladly signed magazines, posed for photographs, and did their all to act as ambassadors for the erotic arts. Over the years, though, CES struggled to keep the gadget news in the forefront. Badge holders for the tech side were allowed to visit the adult side, and vice versa. Naturally, vice beat out versa. Businessmen came to the adult side in droves, while few if any adult conventioners jumped to the straight side. This led to pressing a little more flesh on the porn side than is comfortable in public, even for a collection of adult-industry folk, and one year things culminated in a near-riot that threatened to swallow this writer whole. Ultimately, AVN formed

the industry juggernaut we know and—sure, we'll say it—love today.

The landscape of the business has changed dramatically since the Internet revolutionized human communication, and this year's event may have been, more than anything else, the tipping point in the way people create, market, and consume porn. The same black hole of sinking sales that's claiming the compact disc threatens to be the final resting place of the DVD as well, sending producers and distributors of adult content into a tailspin to find the most logical, viable, and cost-effective delivery system ... until the next technological revolution.

The recent 86'ing of HD-DVD in favor of Blu-Ray, for example, threatens the big boys in a big way, since any manufacturer who threw its eggs into the HD-DVD basket is now, to use a common industry term, fucked. That group includes many of the biggest names in the biz. But however the business further adjusts to these rapidly changing times, a trip to Vegas for the Adult Entertainment Expo is a trip indeed—and one well worth making for any fan of the biz. **OTW**





# l.a. woman

This gorgeous brunette is funny and outgoing, but she says she also has a fiery Latin temper. We'll take our chances with hot-blooded Daisy Marie any day.

Photographs by Emma Nixon







"The best thing about working in adult entertainment is that I get to be open with my sexuality. I really like knowing that people get off watching me!"















"I enjoyed being photographed by a woman, especially someone who's been a Pet. I like doing videos because my personality comes through, but I think it does in these photos, too."





"The most remarkable sexual experience I've ever had was the first time I squirted. It was an orgasm like I'd never experienced before in my life!"











"I love East L.A. because there are so many great places to get authentic Mexican food, but I think I'll always live in the Los Angeles area so I can be close to my family."



**9 Daisy Marie**  
Pet of the Month  
June 2008

**Vital stats:**

24 years old, 5'4"  
34D-24-34

**Favorite food and drink:**

Mexican and Italian; kamikaze shots

**Favorite TV shows:**

*That '70s Show* and *Weeds*

**Favorite movie:**

*Domino*

**Hottest movie sex scene:**

*9½ Weeks*

**Favorite sport:**

basketball

**Your ideal man:**

I go for the average Joe.

**If you won a million dollars, you'd:**

donate half of it to the people in  
my hometown in Mexico. Then  
I'd buy my mom her dream home.

**You're always up for:**

an adventure

**You're never up for:**

morning sex

**Most daring thing you've ever done:**

I flashed a cop and got out of a ticket.

**Do you want to be famous?**

In my eyes, I already am!

**Biggest risk you've ever taken:**

posing nude for the first time

**Were you popular in high school?**

No. I was a tomboy and a bully.

**Under what circumstances would**

**you have sex with a stranger?**

if I was really in the mood

*Daisy Marie*

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DAISY MARIE  
JUNE 2008 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



OF THE MONTH  
DAISY MARIE  
JUNE 2008 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Turn to page 100 to see a new set of photos from your favorite pet of the month.

DAISY MARIE: A model who has been in the industry for over 10 years, Marie has been featured in numerous magazines and has a long list of credits. She is currently working on a new project and is excited to share it with you. For more information, visit [www.daisymarie.com](http://www.daisymarie.com).



# Secret Diary of a Call Girl

By Anonymous • Photographs by Nicholas Eveleigh



**T**here is someone in London who just paid to lick the pucker of my arse for one hour. Isn't that what everyone really wants in life, someone who'll kiss your grits and enjoy it?

If someone had only told me from the outset that such perfect clients existed, I would have jumped in straightaway.



The client was freshly showered and wearing a white robe. We walked to the suite's front room, where another woman sat drinking wine, already topless. She was a small blonde cutie from Israel.

I took off her skirt and shoes and undid the ribbon ties on her black silk knickers with my teeth. I had been told she was his girlfriend, but something about it didn't quite jibe. He seemed to know her no better than I did. If she was a working girl, she definitely wasn't from my agency. Instincts can be wrong, though, and in threesomes with someone's girlfriend, the best course of action is to lavish attention on the woman. It was no hardship—

she smelled of baby powder and tasted of warm honey.

We moved to the bedroom. He went on me from behind while she kneeled down to work at me with her tongue, fingers, and a mini-vibe. I found his exceptionally smooth body fascinating—someone's been spending plenty of time at the waxing salon, I thought—an effect compromised by his rough, untrimmed beard. The whiskers tickled and scratched as he lapped at my girl-parts.

"I don't know what you had in mind," I said as my time started drawing to a close, "but I think it would be great if you came all over both our faces."

The Israeli girl licked her lips and winked at me. A pro. Had to be, had to be.

Afterward, I produced a small bottle of apricot oil and she gave both me and the client the most luscious massages. If I hadn't enjoyed it so much, I would have been jealous of her skill. I gathered my clothes from the rooms while she pummeled and kneaded his back.

The client went to collect my coat. I gave the girl a kiss and nodded at the bottle of massage oil in her tiny hand. "Keep it—you'll make better use of it than I will." He came back and put a possessive arm around her, and my mind switched over again. Escort? Girlfriend? I couldn't be sure. The tip he slipped me was equal to the fee.





There is someone in London  
who just paid to lick  
the pucker of my ass for  
one hour. Isn't that what  
everyone really wants in  
life, someone who'll kiss  
your guts and enjoy it?

If someone had only told  
me from the outset  
that such perfect clients  
existed, I would have  
jumped in straight away.



My first diary was a seventh-birthday gift. Fortunately, most of the intervening volumes have been lost. This morning, bored to death, I set about cleaning out a desk and found some old ones from a few years back. They were written in softcover exercise books with flowers drawn on the covers. They date from the time N and I met.

We met a few years ago and hit it off immediately. "Hit it off" being a coy way of saying "grabbed a room in the first hotel we could find." A couple of days later, when we came up for air, he mentioned his female friend J and the possibility of a threesome.

He'd had threesomes with her several times before and vouched for her beauty and overwhelming sexuality.

We were sitting in his car, looking at the river near Hammersmith. "Sure," I said. I hadn't been with many women, but considering all the ground he and I had covered in a week-end, it seemed impossible to refuse. He rang her to arrange a meeting, and this is how the diary entry continued:

We met J at her place and went for brunch. Food was nice, talked about sex and underwater archaeology.

Back at hers I made hot cocoa for N and me. When he went out of the room, she kissed me and asked how many women I'd been with. Lied and said eight or nine.

We drank the cocoa in the front room and N said he might have a nap. J took me to her bedroom, which held a big white bed and pillowcases that spelled "La Nuit" in a serif font.

We kissed and touched. J seemed tiny until I took off my shoes—in fact we are the same height. Her bum looked so good in the cream striped trousers, but even better naked. The night before, N had said I had the best arse he'd ever seen, but J's, I think, is better. Her neck, skin, and hair all smelled so nice, I was suddenly aware of my own sweat. "Did N do that?" she asked of the deep scratches on my shoulder. I showed her the dark bruises on my thighs and the faint marks from his cock on my face. She told me to lie down and blindfolded me and tied my hands.

She dragged a soft, multistranded whip across me. "Do you know what this is?"

"Yes."

"Do you want it?"

She saved the hardest lashes for my breasts and fucked me with a double-headed dildo. When I pressed my face in her crotch, she untied me and took the mask off. I licked her through the knickers and then took them off—J was shaven down below.

It was easy to get her off with my fingers. After which I noticed N watching from the open door. I asked how long he'd been there. "Since the mask went on," he said. "I could smell the two of you before I even got to the door."

At this point, J's boyfriend turned up and the diary gets a little vague. To make a long story short, he had a problem with N—namely, he didn't want N to touch J. Out of frustration N blurted that if that was so, J's man couldn't touch me either. Instead, N tried unsuccessfully to fist me. I was so distracted I couldn't come. J sucked her partner off, we all showered separately, exchanged numbers, and N and I left. He dropped me at King's Cross.

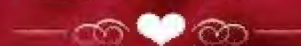
He asked if I needed anything before the journey. Something meaningful to live for, I quipped. Food and sex, he said immediately, and I laughed. I've reminded him of this flash of philosophy several times since, but he never remembers saying it. Walking

*I licked her through the knickers and then took them off, J. was shaven down below.*

through the station, I felt lighter than air, dazed. Happy.

"Well," he said just before the train doors closed, "I guess four in a bed is too many."

I remember masturbating on the ride north. It wasn't easy; the carriage was crowded and people kept sitting next to me. I didn't want to do it in the toilet. But I had hours left on the train and unbuttoned my trousers as slowly as needed for perfect silence. It happened with an Asian girl sitting next to me, turned talking to her friend a few rows back. I had a coat thrown over my lap and pretended to be asleep. Afterward I rang N to let him know. It was somewhere around Grantham, I believe.



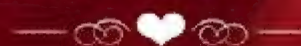
Anal sex is the new black.

Hands up if you remember when big-name porn stars didn't go there, when no one said it out loud, when the only people who presumably made regular trips up the poop chute were gay men and prostate examiners. A man who suggested his wife grab her ankles and take it like a choirboy was probably courting divorce, or at the very least, burnt suppers for a month.

As with the mass amateurization of everything, though, anal has gone mainstream in a big way. Girls who used to ask whether you can go down on a boy and still be "technically" a virgin, now wonder whether opening the back door still leaves you theoretically pure.

Hurrah, I say, because anal's wonderful. Then again, I had the benefit of being introduced to the practice gently and considerately over a matter of weeks, by a man whose desire for me to be able to take him inspired the necessary patience to persevere. He started with massaging and stimulating the anus, then moved on to inserting his own well-lubed fingers. It wasn't long before small vibes were introduced. When we finally got to the main event, I was begging him to do it.

Other folks must be catching on too, because simply everyone does it these days. By the time it was mentioned on *Sex and the City*, all my friends shrugged. "So what?" they wanted to know. "We've been doing that for yonks."



The self-fisting is getting remarkably easier with practice. For those who would rather watch than touch—and there are plenty of those—this is proving very popular. However, I don't think any amount of practice would enable anal fisting, although someone did want to see how many fingers I could get up the back passage while he fucked me. I could feel the swollen head of his cock through the narrow wall of tissue separating the two orifices, and wiggled the tips of my fingers to tickle his shaft. He came quickly, stayed hard, fucked again, repeat.

He (falling back on the bed after the third go in one hour): "I used to be better at this, really."

Me (pulling up stockings): "How do you mean?"

"The old man's had it. I'd be surprised if it gets up again any time in the next month."

"I wouldn't know, being a woman, but I think he's done admirably." (Patting the now-wizened bit of flesh) "Good job, you. Have a well-deserved rest."

"You really like what you do, don't you?"



"I think it would be hard to take if I didn't. My imagination is not quite sufficient to detach my mind from double penetration."



These are a few of my favorite things (that punters never ask for):

- For me to come for real. Why should they? With someone I've just met, who doesn't know the unspoken road map to my body, it'll take something like a geological age with his tongue propelled by more drive than an industrial band saw. Of course I fake it, when asked at all.

- Glass marbles. Infinitely better than the rubbery love-bead variety. Cheaper than a glass dildo. Scales up well according to size and relaxation of orifice. The sound they make when they come out is as delicious as the temperature change going in.

- Food sex. I have never, ever been paid to lick chocolate sauce off someone or have it licked off me. In private, though, I like to think myself an excellent and carefully maintained plate (Note: does not include insertion of vegetables, which you don't eat afterward anyway).

- To turn up in my regular clothes. Random-person sex is cool. Random-person sex with someone who looks random is even better. Also, I'm very lazy.

- Bathing him afterward. I love soaping a man's body, the slightly submissive attitude of kneeling to run my hands down the pillar of his legs, gently lifting each foot in turn to wash it. I adore drying a man, too: imagining what I would want dried first (face and hair), what needs gentle patting (armpits and genitals), and what might get forgotten (back of knees, between the shoulder blades). Plenty want to wash me, though, so perhaps they are acting on the same desire.

- Rimming. Given a thorough wash with hot soapy water beforehand, I will do this. It feels like trying to push yourself into pursed lips. It's a challenge, and the tiniest flicker of your tongue goes further there than anywhere else. It's cunnilingus on the miniature scale. As with the last one, though, they do it to me all the time. I shouldn't complain, really.

- To imitate an animal. For some reason I imagined they would. They don't.

- To imitate characters from *The Simpsons*. It has nothing to do with sex, but I'm pretty good at it—especially Milhouse and Comic Book Guy. Who knows, maybe I'll meet a man with a Patty and Selma fetish, and then my ship will have truly come in.

But for tonight, I have a date. A real date with someone who uses my real name and rings me on my real number. Okay, he may be a hologram, but I cannot know for certain yet.



Client (setting the dresser mirror on the floor): "I want to watch you watching yourself masturbate."

Well, this makes a change. "What with?"

"Your hands first. Then a vibe."

"And then you?"

"No, I just want to watch."

I asked what else he liked. "Rimming", he said. I spread his legs wider and felt between the rounded cheeks of his arse.

He provided a chair and I sat. Wiggled out of my knickers and drew the skirt of my dress around my hips. There it all was, on display, as I'd rarely seen. Yes, I usually do a spot check after waxing and before going out, but this was different. And hand mirrors feature strongly in both work and sex at home, but this was just me, alone, inviolate. Belle from a fly on the wall. And being the self-obsessed creature I am, I was possibly as fascinated as he.

I watched my lips grow fuller, redder, wetter. Much darker than I imagined, almost purple, as I've seen the head of a penis do so many times. The aperture itself widened and gasped. I could hear its gentle smacks like a mouth opening and closing as my hand rubbed faster and my hips moved less gently.

The effect was like watching myself on television. I suppose it must have been for him as well—he paid far more attention to the reflection than to me in the chair. I wondered why bother with the expense of paying someone to masturbate when there was no interaction, then realized. He wanted to be the director.

But as I approached the point of no return, I would slow down and readjust my position—ostensibly to give him a better look or varied position, but really to keep myself from coming.

It was remarkably difficult to keep from setting off the hair trigger for most of the hour. He sat on a bed, then knelt on the ground, coming closer and closer to the mirror, occasionally making requests regarding the speed and action of the vibe or the location of my free hand—but didn't touch. When he came, it hit the glass, sliding thickly over my reflected image onto the carpet.



The client was a young man, probably not much older than me.

When I entered the room, he was dressed casually, in a tight T-shirt and baggy trousers I could easily imagine any one of my friends in. Immediately, I felt how overdressed I was by comparison, how high-theater my suit and makeup were to his street clothes.

"Hello," I said, smiling, and confirmed his name. There is always the slight possibility I might have knocked on the wrong door. Would someone turn away an unbidden hooker? Probably only when called on to pay before the sex.

"Hello," he said. He had lovely, smooth brown skin and an American accent. The room was crowded with unpacked luggage and piles of books. Was he here on business? Yes, he said. Leaving tomorrow. He nodded toward the money in an envelope on the desk. I put it away without counting. I trust them.

Many clients are in London on business. Most book a girl for the beginning of their stay rather than the end, and if they like her, book her again during their stay. If they don't get on, there's still time to try another. That he had waited until his last day made me think he wasn't expecting to have to pay for a liaison on this trip, and booked a girl out of desperation or boredom.

"Red or white wine?" he asked, perusing the contents of the minibar. To be honest, I prefer spirits, but will only choose from what is explicitly offered. If they do not specify—as in, "What would you like to drink?"—I either ask for whatever they're having themselves or a glass of water. My mouth tends to go dry early on, and the first lip contact should be moist, welcoming, but not quite sloppy.

He held the glass out to me, we raised a half-ironic toast—"to



new friends"—and drank. I noticed the arm holding his glass was tattooed. A small dagger in black. It looked ominously alive.

"Nice," I said, reaching over to finger the inking. The first moment of contact can be hard to engineer. Men who kiss you at the door are easy to fall into physical intimacy with, but more often the client is nervous, and I make an excuse to reach across and make contact. Almost as if by accident, like the moment on a date when the other person's proximity is an implicit permission to grab and kiss.

He took my wineglass away and pushed me back on the bed. His forearms were stronger than his softening middle, suggesting a former athlete going to seed. I looked up at him, lips parted. His trousers were half down and he was wearing no underwear. It occurred to me, just that moment, that there was something reckless about the way he handled me, and all the protection in the world would not stop him if he wanted to harm me. I leaned forward and took his cock in my mouth.

As a girl who is advertised as providing "all services," I know many customers book me on the expectation of anal sex and am prepared for that. They typically let me suck them for a while first, move on to a brief encounter with vaginal sex, then either ask nervously about approaching the back door or accidentally-on-purpose start heading that way. This man did neither.

Pushing me back on the bed, he bent above me, moving my legs up above my head. He licked his fingers and worked three of them into my cunt. I reached forward to draw his hand out and sucked the digits. I like to know what my own taste is, partly because I enjoy the flavor, partly to know what's going on down there.

I stopped him and rolled to the side, extracted a condom from my purse, and pumped a heavy drop of lubricant on my finger. While he unwrapped and applied protection, I lubed my pucker.

He burrowed his fingers, using his wrist to pivot me backward, aimed his cock toward my back entrance. The full length sank straight in. He'd clearly worked it out beforehand—just the right angle for his member.

He pumped this way for half an hour and literally pinned me to the bed—all I could do was moan and make encouraging noises. His hand furrowed inside me, rubbing the bottom of my vagina to feel his own cock through the muscle wall. I felt the first shuddering spasms and his come fill the condom.

He didn't want to be held. I went to the toilet and cleaned myself, came back, and dressed. We discussed Iris Murdoch, and I left.

There were no taxis outside, so I walked as far as Regent Street, where the lights of the shops and the cars blurred into illusion.

He knows a great deal about me, this one. He knows my real name and what I studied, and often mentions—he works in a related area—that should I ever need employment in the future, well ... and he slips his card in my pocket for the dozenth time.

It's like having a protective uncle. Who fucks you.

Sometimes we don't fuck as such. He doesn't like latex, but I'm not a risk taker by nature. So he wanks on me. I stretch out on a bed or couch or sometimes the floor, head propped up with a pillow or two, as he straddles my torso below the breasts. While

*His hand furrowed inside me,  
rubbing the bottom of my  
vagina to feel his own  
cock through the muscle wall.*

I play with my nipples and his balls, he jerks his shaft over my face. Afterward, we'll find a mirror and analyze the result together—points awarded for consistency, accuracy, and volume. And because he enjoys washing me, he'll let it dry a little and dab off most of the damage with a damp washcloth.

The last few weeks have been difficult to organize. I see I've missed his call and text back. This goes on for several weeks. When I went away, he rang three times. He's getting anxious. It's like the end of a relationship: the clinginess, the unfounded suspicion.

Then, the resolution. Just a text one morning:

*"I suppose we are fated to never meet again. Will miss you. X."*

I'll miss him, too.



I retrieved my bag and brought out a box of condoms. He held the member in front of my face while I tore open the corner of the wrapper. I held the shaft and balanced the unrolled rubber on the tip of the cock.

"Do you have to do that?" the client asked.

"Afraid I must," I sighed. "Minimizes the risks involved."

"I trust you," he said.

"That's very kind," I said, and smiled. "Trouble is, I don't know where this thing"—I gestured at the instrument he brandished before me—"has been."

"Oh," he said, and was quiet a moment. "It's just that, I really don't like the smell those things leave on it."

"I could give it a good hot-water-and-soap scrub in the bathroom instead of using a condom," I offered. "Would that do?" Against my policy, but it was low risk for him and almost none for me.

He sighed in relief. It was a big fleshy black dildo—his own cock stayed well zipped up. I took the dildo over to the sink, being careful to wash all the soap off so he wouldn't taste any when he sucked my juices off it later.

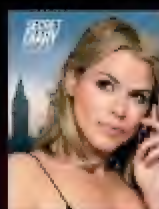


The first girl I ever slept with was a friend's girlfriend.

One of my close mates at university, JB, was a shortish, thin-nish, good-looking ginger boy who loved *Doctor Who* and was a complete sex bomb with the ladies. I can't explain why. He just was, and we loved him.

One night JB and his girlfriend Jessica invited me and my then-boyfriend to a gay club. My first. It was a mixed crowd, being a Saturday night in a medium-size city where the staff couldn't be too picky with the door policy. There were boy couples and girl couples, gangs of students, old single boys looking hangdog at the bar, and men dressed like women dressing like men's fantasies of women. There were gold-painted cages, but no one dancing in them. I didn't know where to look. My boyfriend, alas, did—at his feet. All night.

The music was not good, but it was frantic and loud, like all



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club music was then. JB and Jessica spun me on the dance floor. They were, together, an incredible couple to watch. Just too tiny and cool for words. Her slightly bony shoulders wriggled suggestively—her back was bare in a sleeveless tie-on shirt. I'd been attracted to girls before, but never felt so free to just stare at one. It wasn't out of place here.

JB took me to one side. "You know, she wants you," he said. Was he kidding? This wee goddess? But as soon as he said it, I knew it was true, and it was like a switch had been flipped. I could imagine taking her to the toilets, tonguing her as she laughed and sat atop the cistern. I could imagine putting things in her—my fingers, the end of a beer bottle.

"She's your girlfriend," I said, aware, as the words came out, how whiny and awful they sounded.

He shrugged. He said he'd take care of my boyfriend. He said he did this for her a lot—picked up girls for her. I was stunned.

JB drove us all home. My boyfriend lived closest, thank goodness. Then we went around to Jessica's house. Her parents were away somewhere, or asleep, or didn't care; I never knew. She held my hand and we walked through her door, plain as anything. Her boyfriend waited until she waved back to him from the doorway, then drove away. Her neck was the most slender, tender I'd ever seen. Her lips were softer than any I'd ever kissed.



"I'm an author," the client said. "Really," I said. "What kind?"

"Genre fiction," he said. He quoted a *New York Times* best-seller standing and a familiar title. "Ah," I said. "Like Mickey Spillane."

"That's right," he said.

I said, "I always liked that part at the end of *My Gun Is Quick*, where Hammer tears the negligee off the heroine. Their single night of passion together."

I sat on his lap and he ran his hand over my thighs. "Feels like thigh-high stockings," he said. They were.

"What do you want tonight?" I asked. "Simple man, simple

pleasures," he said. "I just like to come in a naked woman's mouth." This transaction may seem expensive, but if you think about the money and effort you might spend on a business trip, trying to court someone just to get to the stage when she's naked and you are coming in her mouth before it's time to fly home, it's not so pricey. And the result is guaranteed.

We undressed each other and he lay on the bed. "You remind me of someone I was once in love with," I said. He looked doubtful. It was true—he had the same high waist and ascetic limbs of a fourteenth-century tempera saint. I tickled the high arch of his foot and kissed the inside of his thighs.

After sucking him for a few minutes, I asked what else he liked. Rimming, he said. "Giving or receiving?" Receiving, he said. I spread his legs wider and felt between the rounded cheeks of his arse. "Here, I think it will go better with a pillow under you." He obliged. The pucker was tender, pink, and hairless. Clean, it tasted slightly of soap. I put my lips back around his cock and tickled the hole with a damp finger. He came quickly and hard, filling my throat.

"It's only been 30 minutes," I said. He was paying for an hour. "I don't suppose you could manage again?"

"No, sorry," he said. "Too old. Too tired."

"Shall I stay and we can chat, or leave you, or you could turn over and I could pummel your back in a poor imitation of a massage?"

"I'd be fine if you left. I'll just go to sleep happy and satisfied."

"I'd wish you luck with the books but it sounds like you don't need it," I said. "Must pick up a copy."

"Get one in paperback," he said. "See if you like them first."

I dressed, applied a fresh coat of lipstick. The money was in a hotel envelope. "Wasn't it Dashiell Hammett who said you don't pay a call girl to do what she does, you pay her to leave afterward?"

"Probably." He smiled drowsily. I closed the door softly behind me. There was only one taxi outside. I stepped in the back and was whisked home in the light and sound of a city evening.

## Our Review

It's about time the world's oldest profession got some love from the networks. The U.K. drama *Secret Diary of a Call Girl* is making its way Stateside, to Showtime, offering a raunchy glimpse into the life of a high-class courtesan.

"The first thing you should know about me is that I'm a whore," says Belle de Jour in the opening minutes of *Diary*. That's as airtight as a pick-up line can get, and Belle delivers it while strutting through London's West End in a power suit, corset, and fuck-me heels. Who wouldn't fall in lust at first sight?

Ex-pop star Billie Piper stars as the most lovable hooker to hit the screen since *Pretty Woman*'s Vivian Ward stole Edward Lewis's heart. Belle is horny, entrepreneurial, and lacking in addictions and daddy issues. She's hot enough to haunt your fantasies, snarky enough to

make your girlfriend laugh, and racy enough to have earned the show a soft-core nomination at the U.K. Adult Film and Television Awards.

The show was adapted, as was the book excerpted here, from the blogs of a British mystery moll whose identity remains the subject of intense speculation. (Some skeptics claim she couldn't possibly be real.) Belle recounts her exploits in X-rated detail, as you can see, and Piper gamely plays them out onscreen: She blows an nervous hipster, saddles up for an equine fetishist, and gets her rocks off with a vibrator. And that's just the first episode. The real-life Belle is no stranger to fisting and rim jobs; we're cautiously optimistic for future episodes. Bottom line: If Belle is London's every-whore, we're guessing guys are going to be inundating the consulate with visa applications. —Kara Wahlgren







# tickling the ivories

Tristan never used to look forward to piano lessons, but she literally gets wet with anticipation waiting for her hot new teacher to show up. If Tristan gets her way, she'll have her way with Kristina. Class is about to get very interesting.

Photographs by Misha













Tristan slips off Kristina's lacy black panties and lets her fingers wander from the piano keys to her teacher's swollen clit. "Do Re Me" quickly melds into "Do Me Now."







A sexy symphony ensues as their cries of pure ecstasy harmonize with the sound of their silky bodies rubbing together. The raven-haired vixens are truly making beautiful music.





Tristan gently pushes Kristina down so her tongue can finish playing the tune her fingers started. As she watches Kristina writhe with pleasure, she knows she's the teacher's pet.















Their melodic moaning reaches a fevered pitch as the Sapphic sirens hit all the right notes. Tristan knew Kristina would be the perfect partner for a duet. Class could go all night!

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO [PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM](http://PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM). SEE MORE OF KRISTINA AND TRISTAN AT [PENTHOUSE.COM/KRISTINAANDTRISTAN](http://PENTHOUSE.COM/KRISTINAANDTRISTAN).







# Live Tonight

*Live music always gave Naomi a sexual thrill. It was like good sex for her, the best kind—hot and horny and unbridled, the kind where you can't wait to debauch yourself and get off.*

*Erotic fiction by Saskia Walker • Illustrations by Frank Stockton*

Something about the atmosphere and the way the music surrounded her, pounding up through the floor, really got to her. It flooded her senses and gave her a totally unique kind of high. Naomi often felt as if she were an extra instrument, as if her body was being played along with the instruments on the stage—and that sense of being played was what did it for her.

It had to be a public performance. She couldn't re-create it at home. The club scene was good, but not unique enough. She also liked smaller venues and pub bands, but could never lose herself in the environment quite as well as she could at a large venue, and that was the key. Only there did the experience become so intense that her pulse pounded and her underwear got hot and damp within moments. By the end of the concert, she'd have to go to the ladies' room to wank before she made her way home. With her back up against one wall of the cubicle and her foot wedged on the opposite wall, she'd shove her hand inside her underwear and rub herself hard, forcing out all that built-up arousal. She had to take that last step; otherwise she was a wreck by the time she got home, as if she'd been taken to the very edge of orgasm and left there, wired and yet incomplete. She was always close, fast at her peak, the complete high of the experience flooding out of her, running onto her thighs at her moment of release.

This rather intimate experience of live music was Naomi's secret thrill. She kept it that way because no one had really understood quite how intense it was for her. Though she had tried with several men. "It makes you feel sexy, I can dig that." That was the usual type of reply, delivered with a shrug and a grin. When she tried to explain that it was more than just "feeling sexy," that it was

actually like having sex—that it was enough to make her come with the slightest touch—the subject usually changed fast. Most men would rather believe it was their presence that was turning her on rather than some extraneous factor. Maybe she was meeting the wrong type of man. She had hoped she would find someone who would understand her, someone who would play into it. Deep down she wanted to share it, like a sex toy or an aphrodisiac, but she'd come to the conclusion that she probably never would.

The nearest she ever got to a true understanding was with a rock guitarist. He'd listened, curious, as she tried to explain it. He didn't say much—he never did—but he didn't dismiss the idea. So she had asked him to stand at the end of the bed and play for her. He had the look: long shaggy hair, stubble, sleazy in that I-don't-give-a-fuck rock-musician way. She squinted her eyes, pretending she was at an actual gig, and watched him, letting the music take control. She got hot, really hot, unable to resist stroking her breasts and thrusting her fingers between her thighs. He'd loved it, watching her writhe across the bedcovers and masturbate while he played. Her fingers stroked her clit and she shoved two fingers into her wet cunt in time with the music. Riveted, he sped up his playing when he'd realized she was quickly coming, moaning aloud and gyrating her hips against her hand. Abandoning the guitar, he unzipped his fly and dove onto the bed, bringing her back to a second climax by fucking her hard, really hard, banging her into the bed as if she was the drum and he was pounding out his very own fierce rhythm through her body.

It was good—damn good. Although she suspected the hot sex was more about his reaction to her "show" than what the music did to them. It wasn't perfect, but near enough for her to get hopeful. Alas, when they went to concerts together, he preferred to schmooze, hanging out with the bands backstage, then watching from the side of the stage, hobnobbing with the other musicians. He'd tried to take her up there but she'd declined, because that wasn't what she was after. She even told him about the wanking



in the ladies' room, but that had just made him rush her back to his place so he could get her flat on her back on his bed.

They'd shared several hot sessions with his guitar performance from the end of the bed, but now he was out on a tour somewhere, and she was back to trawling the music magazines for the perfect mix of music and venue. Like tonight. What a night it promised to be. Whorl, one of her favorite bands, and the Academy, her favorite venue. The perfect combo beckoned to her.

She tagged on the end of the growing queue, hugging the wall of the building. In the very early days, she used to come to these things with friends, but she had ended up frustrated. They all wanted to hang out together, somewhere where they could chat and watch, and get to the bar. What Naomi preferred to do was have a drink before she left home and then forget all about that lesser form of self-indulgence. She had something better in mind.

When she got inside the venue, she moved at will, seeking out her beloved bass pounding up through the floor. Before the band came on, or between bands, she kept on the move to avoid pickups. Standing near a crowd of people was also good cover and kept those achingly bad chat-up lines at bay. There was no opening act tonight, and that suited her well. The auditorium filled quickly, and she flitted about while the lights were up, anticipation running her ragged. Her heartbeat was already erratic, her core hot, and her pussy tingling with anticipation.

It was a hot night, and she'd dressed for comfort: Doc Martens, tight black vest and denim miniskirt, her hair loosely tied up on the crown of her head. When the final few sound checks were made, she began to rock along with the deejay music, noticing how it was chosen to lead into the band's set. The lights dropped and the band emerged—three guitarists, a drummer, and the singer, Carrie. Naomi lifted her arms, clapping and cheering with the crowd, unable to keep the grin off her face. Carrie was wearing a short skirt not dissimilar to her own. Her blue-black hair flew out from side to side as she moved to the first beats of the drum. She was a small, sexy woman, overtly powerful. The men adored her. Some of them even tried to reach up to the stage and touch her. She'd sometimes put her boot on their shoulders and kick them away, flashing her red underwear at them blatantly. Naomi loved it, but very soon, when she found her own nirvana, she wouldn't even be noticing stuff like that.

The crowd surged forward, and it was time to stake her claim on a good spot. From experience she knew where the sound reverberated the most; she wove across the venue toward the spot. Skirting a pillar, she spied the place she wanted to be. There was a small gap in the crowd, enough for her to squeeze into. Focused on her target, she jumped when she bumped into another person leaning up against the pillar. The crowd was moving at the other side of her, and she staggered. A strong hand reached out and grabbed her around her waist, steadying her. She looked into the man's face. He smiled, inclining his head.

Somewhat unnerved, she mouthed, "Thank you," to him. She could see his eyes narrow as he quickly assessed her. He seemed to be alone. It wasn't very often that she saw another loner at a gig like this. She glanced back at the spot she was headed for. He followed her gaze and ushered her through, but when she looked back over her shoulder, he was still watching. The gig was under way, but after a few minutes she took another quick, curious look. Yes, he was definitely keeping his eye on her. He had short bleached hair, spiked and sexy. He caught her eye and returned her smile. Heat traversed her skin. His eyebrows were straight, decisive, almost mirroring his sharp cheekbones. She couldn't help being aware of him, with his strong features and a quirk to



Anyone could see them, but that made it even hotter, dirtier, and more dangerous. His finger was right over her clit, stroking it.

his smile that suggested he was both cynical and adventurous. Normally, she barely noticed the people around her. He was into the music as much as she was, moving to the sounds, his shoulders against the pillar seeming to ground him somehow. What a good idea, choosing that place to anchor himself. She couldn't help smiling, and made a note to try out the spot next time.

The band moved into the second track, one of her favorites, and she was drawn back to the experience, moving her body, her eyelids lowering as she savored the music pounding through the floor. The sound soared out through the airwaves, wrapping around her before diving deep inside, teasing her most intimate





flesh. God, it was so good. Each delivery of sound across the frets or drums might as well have been played on her erogenous zones. Her nipples were hard inside her vest. With every movement, her body snaked, her thighs rubbing together as her hips swayed and dipped to the rhythm.

By the fifth track, her hair was beginning to escape its band, strands touching her shoulders. She swiped them away restlessly. As she did, she saw him looking over—the guy by the pillar. The stage lights swung over the audience, picking up his eyes, sharp and inquisitive. And he was watching her, watching with a knowing look in his eyes that felt as if he had touched her—like he knew exactly what she was feeling, and how she was feeling it. The lights moved and she danced on, enjoying the feeling of his eyes on her. Even though she couldn't see him anymore, she could feel it. Heat pounded between her thighs, her pulse tripping. He knew how turned on she was, she was sure of it. She glanced back. Yes, she could see that he was still watching her.

Lifting her head, she focused on the stage. A moment later, she felt movement against her back, fingers resting on the curve of her hip. Her eyes closed; she breathed deeply. She didn't even have to look to know. He'd made his way over. He knew.

"You really feel it, don't you?"

The words were said close against her ear. Deviant pleasure shot through her, and her head dropped back in sudden ecstasy. Her hand reached over his where it rested on her hip, squeezing him in identification. Glancing back, she nodded. "All over me, and inside."

Moving closer, he spooned her, swaying to the sound with her, feeling each rhythm and nuance physically. They were locked into it, together.

"How did you know?" she asked.

He answered by hauling her closer

still, tight against him. She gasped when she felt how hard he was, the bulk of his cock against the crease of her ass through their clothes. Oh, but that was good. This is what she had wanted, a man who instinctively understood and played into the experience, and now the missing ingredient was right there, at her back, loaded and cocked for action. "This feels so good," she blurted.

He squeezed her waist in response, riding against her to the sounds. "Oh yes."

A heady thrill flared inside her when his hands roamed up and down her sides, stroking her body to the music. Her arms lifted as she swayed against him. His arms rose alongside hers, brushing against her with the hard sleek muscles of his biceps, enclosing her. Painfully aroused, she rippled in his grasp. He bent to kiss her neck. She groaned aloud, sensation snaking over her shoulders and back from the place his mouth had touched her.

"Come back to the pillar," he said.

She agreed, and he took her hand, holding it tightly. A couple of people in the crowd looked annoyed when they made their

way back across their path, but she didn't care. Her heart thudded while she watched him take up his position, pivoting his shoulders against the pillar so that his hips were right there for her to rest in. His booted feet were widely spaced, creating a niche between his legs for her to stand in. He smiled so wickedly that her mouth opened in anticipation, her breath catching in her throat. She didn't know the guy at all, and yet she felt instinctively attuned to him because of this shared sexy appreciation of the live music. He patted his thighs, beckoning her closer, his intentions clear. He wanted to explore this, too; he wanted them to feel it together. And so did she. She wanted to touch him again, to have his hands all over her; she wanted to know how far they could push it, right here in the crowd, right now. They were two people with a shared need—to experience each other in this place, in this moment.

Nestling into position, she reveled in the feeling of his strong male body against her back. His aroused body. As he stroked over her hipbones, then moved higher, to the soft underside of her breasts, her heart and mind beat out a fierce, direct response.

"Oh please, touch me, touch me everywhere," she said, unable to stop the words. She glanced back, unsure he'd even heard her amid the layers of sound feeding out to them from the stage. But he smiled and moved against her, his head alongside hers, listening to her as he watched the stage over her shoulder. She watched Carrie dancing across the stage while his hands moved on her breasts, squeezing, molding the flesh. It sent a loop of fire from her nipples to her cunt. "Play me, feel me," she urged. The words were tumbling out; she was losing control, desire overriding decorum. Her strongest physical need was sexual release. And he knew. She could see his response, the tightening of his mouth, the inhalation of breath, the subtle shift in his shoulders.

"Concentrate on the music," he said, drawing her in so she faced front again.

When she rested back, he had his hands on the waistband of her skirt immediately, with his fingers drumming against the zipper. Torturously close to her hot spot, and yet not close enough. She reached under his fingers, flipped open the button, and lowered the zipper. He didn't even hesitate, sliding his hand inside the fabric, his fingers exploring her body. She moved against him, constantly aware of his erection, letting him know she was aware of it, too. His hand moved deeper, under the line of her underwear. With his hand in there, her underwear was pulled tight against her buttocks, stinging her, making her squirm. Her groin was pounding with need, her sex clenching and releasing. He clasped her pussy firmly, massaging it, lifting her in his grip. Her clit pounded, locked tight between her sex folds. This time, her hips moved, and it wasn't just the music, it was that and more—the sheer brutal need to feel that decisive touch on her clit.

Dizzy with deviant pleasure, she glanced about, watching the people moving around them. Any one of them could look their way, see them, point, or complain to security. But that somehow made it even hotter, dirtier, and more dangerous. Right then, he pressed deeper with one finger and it slid into her hot, damp niche. His finger was right over her clit, stroking it, and she couldn't have stopped him if she had truly wanted to. He was wanking her off, right there in the middle of the crowd. The music was in her blood, he was tuning into it, and the thrill had her locked into the moment. Her body reacted, her head going back onto his shoulder, her shoulders pivoted against his chest. She reached her hand behind her back and squeezed the hard bulk of his cock through his jeans.

"Let me feel you in my hand," she said when the sound dipped.

He looked at her, eyebrows raised, with a tight, wicked smile.



He hesitated only a moment, then moved his free hand under her fingers. Undoing his zipper, he shifted, and she felt the hot, silky surface of his erect cock against the palm of her hand. When she gripped and stroked it, he swore aloud and drew her in close against him, crushing her hand and his cock behind her back while he held and moved her with his hand locked over her pussy. His cock felt good, long and hard. The ridge around the head made her ache for it rubbing inside her, her sex clenching in response.

She was close, so close, her body trembling on the point of release. Then the music stopped, the band left the stage, and the crowd began to chant, clap, and stamp their feet, trying to bring them back out for the encore. His hand latched ever tighter over her mons, crushing her clit, pushing her on. A sense of urgency got hold of her; time was short, and she wasn't done yet. People were glancing around, chatting while they waited, and right there in the crowd, the back of her skirt was riding up against her arse, the front zipper peeled open to give him access.

*Dirty girl, she told herself. Horny bitch.*

Her head lifted, her moan escaping into the chants of the crowd. A sweet and sudden climax hit her, and her body shuddered. Her thighs turned to jelly, her neck loosening and her head dropping forward.

By the time she had grounded herself, the guitarists were back on stage, playing furiously for the encore. Empowered, she pulled his hand free, turned in his arms and straddled one of his thighs, her hand clasping his cock again, stroking it swiftly as she looked up at his face. The crowd roared. Carrie was obviously back on stage, but for Naomi it felt like it was for them, for their own performance. That thrilled her, and she had to bite her lip to keep her in touch with the world outside the music, and him. Soon they'd have to pull apart, but she wanted to make him come first.

When Carrie started singing, Naomi moved in swift strokes. She could see the restraint in his expression, feel it walled up against her. They'd come this far, right there in the middle of the audience. She rubbed herself against his thigh, making the pleasure in her clit sparkle and last. "This is so good, you feel so good."

His eyes closed, his breath coming fast. "I'm going to come," he said urgently. He rested his forehead against hers. "If you don't stop, I'm going to come right here."

"Don't stop," she said. She squeezed his cock, massaging it fast, needing to trigger it, wanting to feel his release, wanting it all.

He locked eyes with her, and she saw it coming there, his eyes blazing. His cock went rigid and he came, his shaft jerking, fluid running down between her fingers. Thrilled, she suddenly realized the crowd was cheering again and the music had stopped. The lights went up, and he pulled himself together and acted fast, hauling her skirt straight, leveling her. Zipping his fly, he locked her against him again, holding her as if they were just having a postgig hug. He grinned.

Her underwear was gloriously drenched, and she let out a breathy laugh as she looked at him, doing up her zipper and button while the crowd started shifting toward the exits. "I wish you'd been inside me," she murmured, her desires speaking for her—she wasn't even thinking about what she had said.

"So do I," he said with a hoarse laugh. He pushed her hair back from her forehead and kissed her mouth for the first time; softly now, curiosity in that intimate touch. With her hands on his chest, she could feel the both of them rushing on the experience, their hearts beating hard as they stayed against the pillar, the crowd shifting away on either side of them. As they drew apart, she studied him. In the light, his looks were maverick, and she saw how attractive his eyes were as he scrutinized her. She wanted him; she



She wanted to touch him again, to have his hands all over her; to know how far they could push it, right here, right now.

wanted to see him again, but right then she didn't want him to ask for her number, in case it spoiled the moment. She felt the question rising between them and went to put her fingers on his lips, but he caught her hand and rested it back on his chest. It made her want, and need, all over again, and she rolled her hips into his.

"Are you going to be here for the Thursday night gig?" he asked, as he lifted her hair from her shoulder, holding her with one hand around her hip as she moved against him.

He wasn't asking to see her again; he was asking to do this again. Pleasure rippled through her. "Yes," she replied, not even pausing to consider who might be playing that night.

"In that case, I'll see you right here on Thursday night." He stroked one finger down into her cleavage. "But next time don't wear any underwear." He reached to kiss her again, his tongue moving slowly, languorously, against hers.


When he drew back, Naomi chuckled softly, her blood racing. "Improved access, hmm?"

He grinned. "It could work. You wear heels; I'll bring a condom."

Now she was getting hot all over again, starting to squirm. "All the way? In the gig?"

He nodded and pushed his fingers into her hair, tugging on it softly. She grabbed him around the back of the neck and pulled him to her for one last kiss. "You're on," she stated as they drew apart. "I'll see you here, right here, Thursday."

As she strode out of the venue, she couldn't take the smile off her face, mentally calculating the hours until their next gig. Outside, in the street, the crowd clustered around the bootleg merchandisers, and she weaved through them, heading to the Tube. Glancing over her shoulder, she looked up at the sign.

LIVE TONIGHT. The words were never truer. 

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# Get Some Tonight!

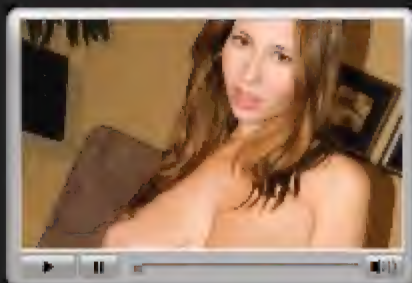
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# many happy returns

Brea Bennett has been a favorite of ours (and yours, as you've let us know) since her first *Penthouse* appearance in June 2006. We're thrilled to welcome her back.

Photographs by Penthouse Studios







"It's easy for me to pick my favorite sex scene in a movie—one of mine! Anything Codi Milo and I have done together ... the hottest by far."















"My biggest not-obvious erogenous zone is my ears. When someone is into my ears, that just makes me melt. They're like a direct line to my, um, libido."







"I love punk rock and jazz, but the music that gets me in the mood depends on *my* mood. Could be heavy metal, could be classical."







**“My perfect guy is someone who’s willing to laugh at himself and be a dork with me. I like men who are as unpredictable and easygoing as I am.”**

WE’RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO [PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM](http://PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM). SEE MORE OF BREA AT [PENTHOUSE.COM/BREABENNETT](http://PENTHOUSE.COM/BREABENNETT).









# A Friend in Need

A hot tale from *Letters to Penthouse XXX*, our latest release, published by Grand Central Publishing

**A**lthough I've been with my share of women in my time, I've also experienced a lot of dry spells. I was experiencing one a couple of years ago, when I was playing in a rock band and rooming with a fellow musician and his family. Mark was a great guy, a good friend, and an amazing guitarist. He had a girlfriend named Crystal who lived about 50 miles away. He claimed they had officially broken up months earlier, but he would still head off to see her once in a while, and they would be together for a few days.

On one such weekend, seeing that I was down in the dumps, he invited me to come along. The theory was that I'd hook up with somebody from a bar, and even if I didn't, we'd have a good trip, do some partying, and get a change of scenery. It sounded pretty good to me.

Meeting Crystal was pleasant enough. She was of medium height, a brunette with dark, brooding eyes and very light skin. She had kind of a goth look. Although somewhat more voluptuous than my ideal, she exuded sensuality. I found her very attractive, and could certainly see why Mark was in no hurry to breakup with her completely.

Something told me I'd better find a date. I suspected there would be a lot of noise coming from their room that night, so I figured I should find myself some company if I didn't want to be horny all weekend.

We hit a few clubs and met up with some local rock musicians. We had a great time, had plenty to drink, and caught some excellent music. The

only fly in the ointment was my inability to hook up. Maybe I was too desperate, or maybe it was just bad timing. Whatever the cause, I ended up going back to Crystal's still single.

The three of us sat around the living room for a few minutes and then decided to hit the sack. As I turned to head toward my room, Mark blurted out, "Hey, guys, I'm pretty blitzed. Crystal, why don't you take care of my buddy here while I get some sleep?"

I turned back, slack-jawed, to see Mark's toothy grin and Crystal looking me up and down like she was sizing up a piece of meat.

"Sure," she replied. "He looks good enough to eat!" Dinner was about to be served!

"Um ... thanks, dude!" was all I could manage to say as Crystal led me off to her bedroom. I felt as if I were in a kind of trance; I hadn't been this surprised in a long time.

"Okay, baby, show me what you've got," Crystal grinned when we got to her room.

Recovering a little, I grinned back at her and replied, "I'll show you mine if you show me yours."

With that she leaned into me and we shared our first kiss. I wrapped my arms around her, drinking in her fragrance and enjoying the soft pressure of her sumptuous breasts. She returned my embrace, stroking the back of my neck and pressing her hips against mine. My growing erection brought a sound of appreciation from her throat.

"Mmm, is that for me?" she purred.

"Do you want it?" I asked.

"Uh-huh," she moaned. Then her hand slid between us, dipping into my pants and wrapping around my member. We fell onto the bed, and I let my hands roam over her lush body. She opened my pants and continued caressing me. Her touch was soft and teasing, then more vigorous, giving

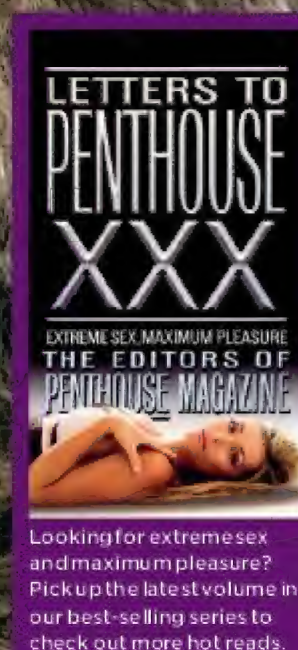
me the pleasure I'd been needing.

Pretty soon her shirt was off and I gazed upon her enormous, pillow-soft breasts. They were so generous I could have shared them with several friends at once. I reveled in them, burying my face in her cleavage, pressing them around my ears as Crystal continued to stroke my cock and play with my balls.

Somehow, we managed to pull each other's clothes off while this was happening, and the contact of our naked skin increased our passion. Without any further foreplay, she took me in hand and guided me into her hot, already wet box.







She was tighter than I had expected, given her size. It felt as though I was ensconced in a pulsing velvet glove. It was so good that I had to exercise all my control to keep from coming right away. It had been so long, and she felt so incredible, that I wasn't sure how long I could last, or if I could last at all.

We soon settled into a slow rhythm that allowed me to keep my passion at bay enough to enjoy Crystal, her body, and the wonderful sensations I was feeling. There was nothing kinky or especially unique about our coupling; we simply had great sex and enjoyed the hell out of each other.

After ten or 15 minutes, I felt her tremble and heard her breathing deepen. I increased the depth of my thrusts, and was rewarded with a series of urgent grunts. Our movements sped up a bit, until we were both panting and sweating.

She opened my pants and continued caressing me. Her touch was soft and teasing, then more vigorous, giving me the pleasure I'd been needing.

There was a small puddle between her breasts, and salty streams ran down over our flesh. It allowed our bodies to slide around more easily, an incredibly sensual feeling.

As Crystal's spasms intensified, I could feel my orgasm getting close

again, so I thrust into her as deep and hard as I could. Her shaking became violent, and her moans turned into wordless yells. I heard other moaning, too, and then realized it was coming from me. As Crystal convulsed in climax, I let myself go and came with her, yelling at the top of my lungs.

The next morning I felt a little awkward, but I was the only one who did. Mark joked that he was surprised there hadn't been any complaints from the neighbors about the noise. Crystal said she hoped he'd gotten some sleep, but he said he'd had to wait for us to finish.

All I could do was thank both of them, saying I hadn't realized how much I needed to get laid. Mark grinned and said I could show my gratitude by making all the lunch runs during rehearsals for the next week.

"No problem," I told him. "Anything for a friend!" —C.R., *New Jersey*



ART BY MATT ERIKSON •  
COLOR BY BRYON DAVIDSON

# BAD GIRL STRIKES AGAIN

I'D JUST FINISHED GIVING MY NEIGHBOR,  
SHAWN, THE BLOWJOB OF A LIFETIME. HE WENT  
HOME MUCH HAPPIER THAN WHEN HE ARRIVED.  
NOW FOR JILL AND MAX ...



JILL KNEW SOMETHING HAPPENED BETWEEN SHAWN AND ME, SO I  
GAVE HER ALL THE DIRTY DETAILS!



Oh my  
God, Jill.  
He really does  
have a huge  
dick!



SHE GOT SO EXCITED THAT SHE GRABBED MY TITS AND KISSED ME! TELLING HER  
ABOUT SHAWN HAD REALLY MADE HER HORNY, BUT WHAT ABOUT MAX?

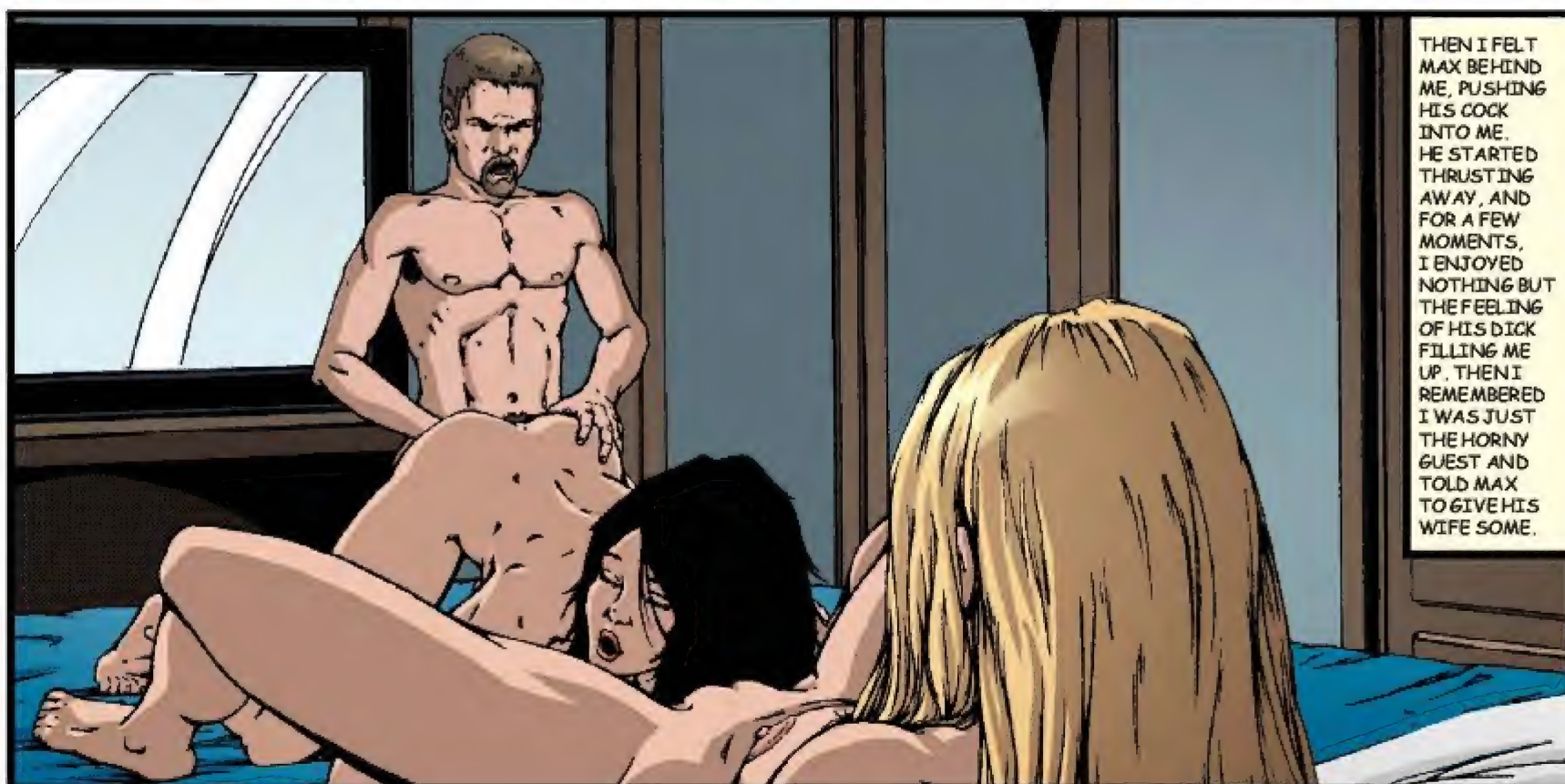
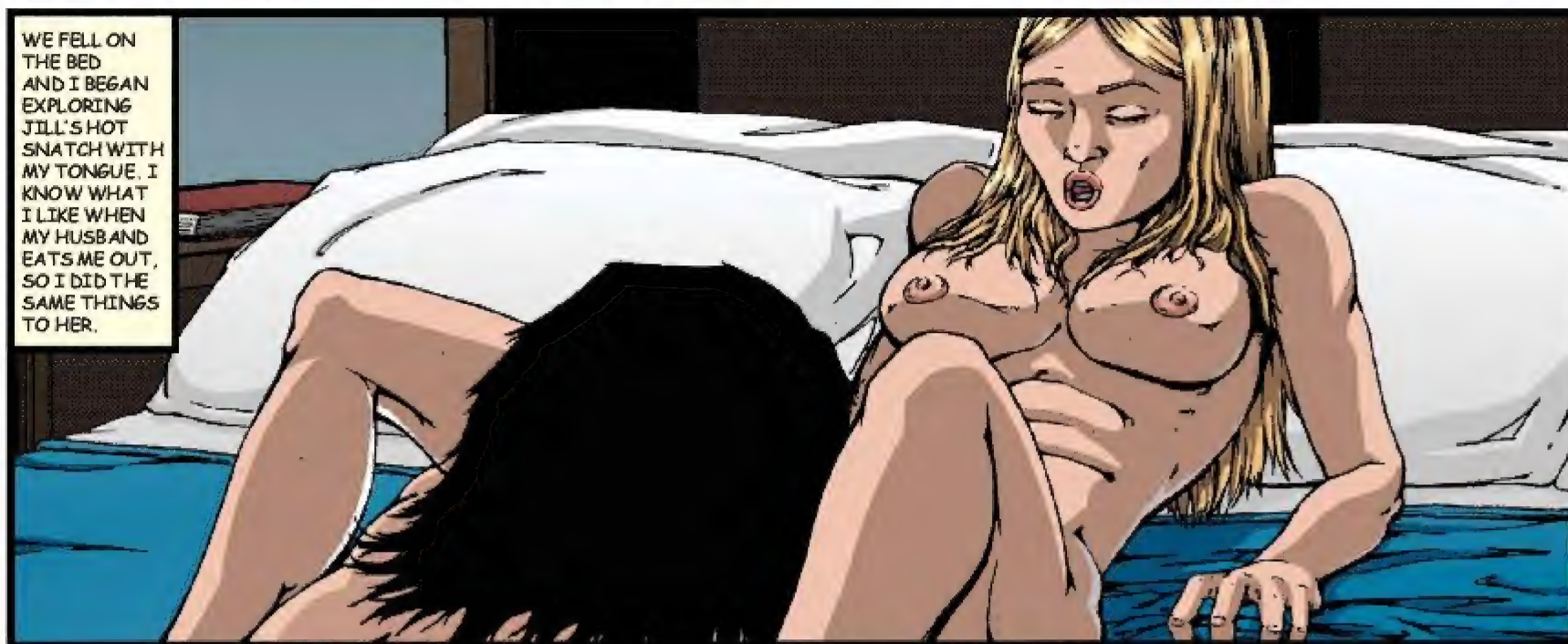


How would  
you like to  
fuck me and  
Max?



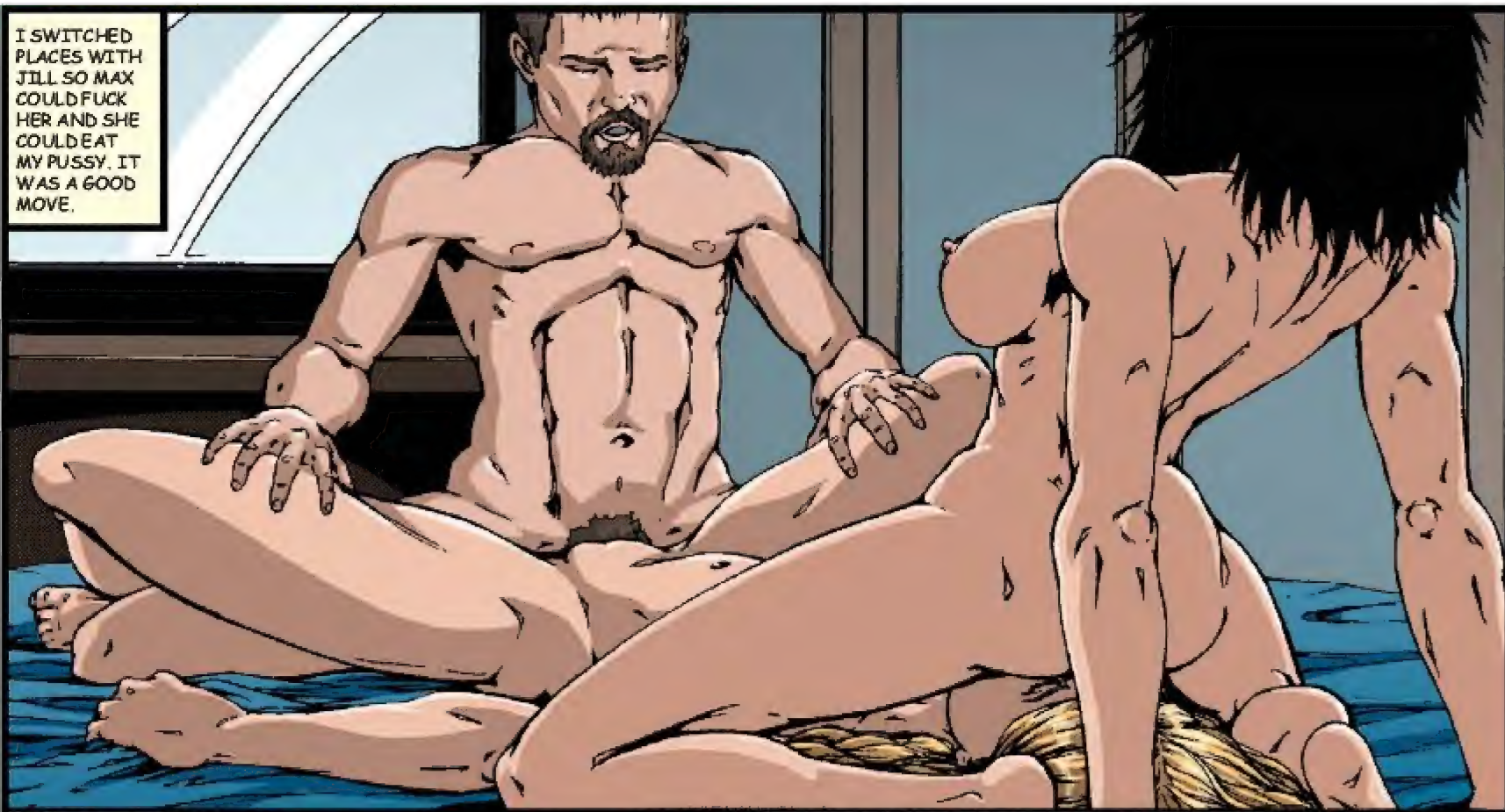
How can  
I refuse?







I SWITCHED PLACES WITH JILL SO MAX COULD FUCK HER AND SHE COULD EAT MY PUSSY. IT WAS A GOOD MOVE.



MAX'S POWERFUL THRUSTS HAD AN IMMEDIATE EFFECT ON JILL'S PUSSY LICKING. IT GOT SO INTENSE, I JUST KNEW I WAS GOING TO GET SLAMMED BY A FIERCE ORGASM.



WHEN I CAME, MY BODY SHOOK AND I CRIED OUT IN PLEASURE.

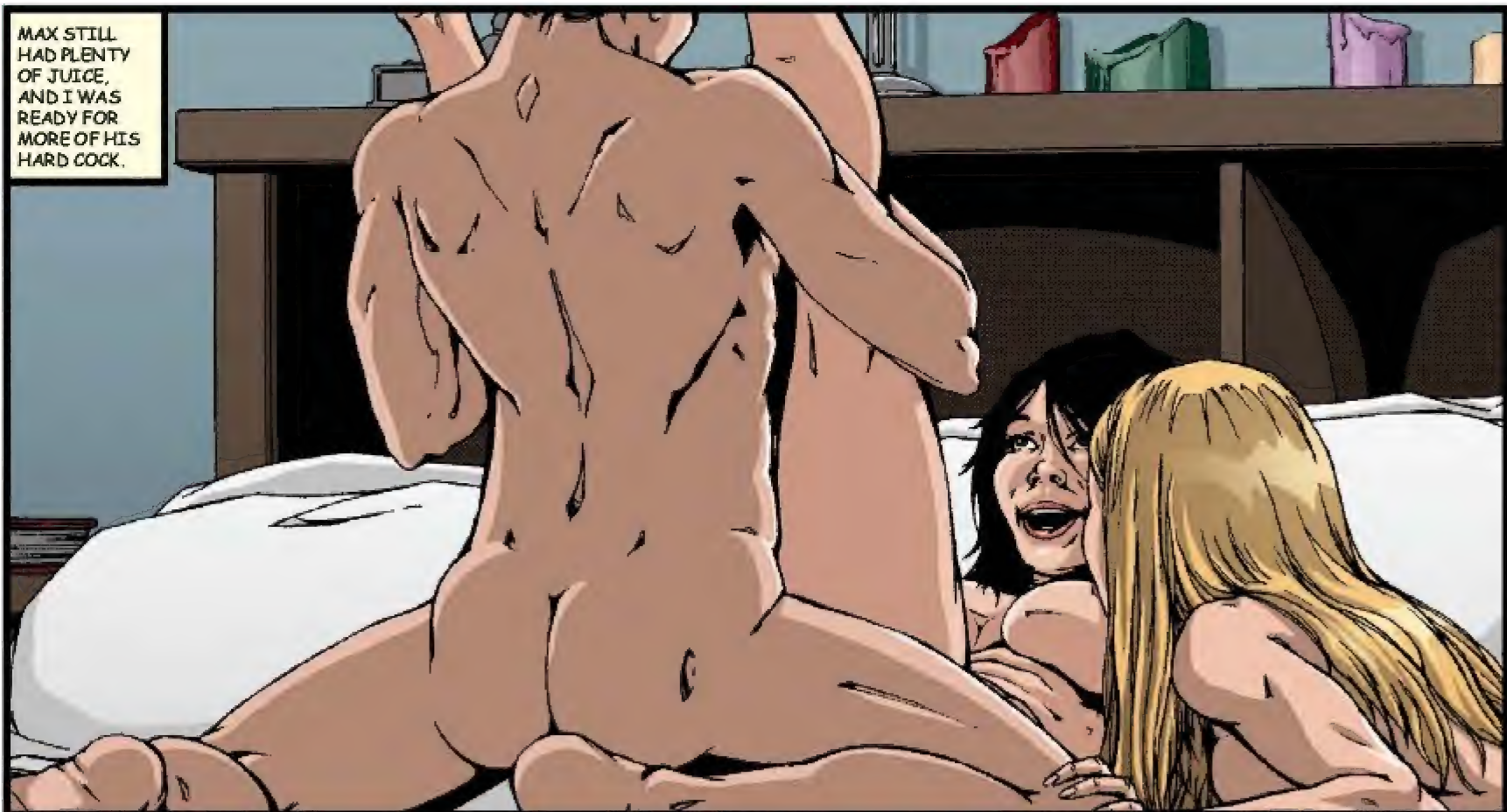


JILL CAME RIGHT AFTERWARD AND CREAMED ALL OVER MAX'S DICK.





MAX STILL  
HAD PLENTY  
OF JUICE,  
AND I WAS  
READY FOR  
MORE OF HIS  
HARD COCK.



THEN IT HIT ME—AN ORGASM SO BIG, I THOUGHT I'D DIE. I CAME AND CAME, AND FINALLY MAX ERUPTED INSIDE ME.



WE TELL EACH OTHER EVERYTHING, AND I KNEW HE'D  
WANT ALL THE DETAILS—WHICH MEANT I WAS IN FOR A  
LONG, HARD NIGHT!

THE END



AFTER THAT WORKOUT, I WANTED TO SPEND THE REST OF THE NIGHT WITH THEM, BUT IT WAS  
LATE AND MY HUSBAND WAS WAITING FOR ME AT HOME.





# caught in the act

Monique and Roxy always find time for a little loving when their boyfriends go fishing. They were just about to fool around when the guys walked in... hours earlier than expected. After the initial shock wore off, the boys were more than happy to sit back and enjoy the show.

Photographs by Josh Ryan



































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# Summer Love

Here's your guide to banging in the great outdoors. Pack up your mosquito repellant, stuff a six-pack in your cooler, and grab your girl for a whirl in the wilderness!

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

**A**s the days grow longer and the weather gets warmer, it's time to start thinking about our favorite alfresco activity. In fact, outdoor sex is healthy as well as fun. The fresh air you inhale as you make love gets more nitric oxide into your lungs, dilating blood vessels all over your body, including your genitals—resulting in more potent erections!

However, before you get bare-assed in the summer breeze, here are some open-air do's and don'ts for

wannabe nature boys and girls.

Sex in the sun can be unforgettable in both good and bad ways—so bone up, so to speak, on the following caveats and you'll be sure to have a perfect summer of love.



## ■ BACK-TO-NATURE NOOKIE

**DO:** Get out the camping gear. There's nothing like some cozy cuddling in one of those oversize sleeping bags. The stars, the crackling campfire, the cries of prowling predators, and the dark mysteries of the wilderness will bring out that primordial passion in both of you!

**DON'T:** Have her play with your pee-pee outside your teepee if it's pitched in a public campground. Getting caught in flagrante delicto by kids could land you in some serious trouble. In fact, make sure you're secluded from both minors and seniors. The last thing you want is coitus interruptus caused by the need to resuscitate an elderly man in cardiac arrest.

## ■ AUTOEROTICA

**DO:** Use your car for sexy enjoyment of backcountry roads, woods, and parks. You can do her inside the car in the woman-on-top position (do not even attempt missionary unless you have seats that recline all the way), seated on top of the hood with her legs wrapped around your waist, or doggie-style with her bent over the trunk of the car. You can even leave the engine running—the humming vibrations will add to her excitement. (Think of it as one big vibrator!)

**DON'T:** Try this trick while the vehicle is moving. No matter how tempting it may seem to have her play with your fleshy stick shift or to get a blowjob while you are cruising along at 80 miles an hour, remember speed + sex is never safe. All it takes is one second of lost control and you will exemplify the French nickname for orgasm, *la petite mort*—"the little death." Plus, if you get pulled over, there's no way to avoid a ticket if a sweat-soaked, hard-working police officer sees your pants down around your ankles.

## ■ BENCH WARMING

**DO:** Sneak a quickie in a park or botanical garden. Benches are perfect for this—have her wear a short flared skirt with no panties, sit her on your lap, then unzip your pants and impale her on your hard member. If you spy a pesky passerby, tell her to stop moving and sit still. If they don't look too closely, she'll look like she's sitting innocently on your lap.



**DON'T:** Do it in a flower bed unless you get turned on by bee stings or ant bites. Also, stay away from freshly cut grass to avoid a grass burn. Grass and flower beds may also contain pesticides, so make sure that neither of you is allergic before doffing your duds on the greensward.

## ■ ROCK THE BOAT

**DO:** You can try it in a rowboat, a speedboat, a sailboat, or a yacht if you can afford it. There's nothing like an orgasm on a rocking boat, and an ocean breeze adds to your arousal!

**DON'T:** Surprise her with a major boat trip without first checking whether or not she gets seasick—unless you have an upchuck fetish.

You can even leave the engine running—the vibrations will add to her excitement. (Think of it as one big vibrator!)

## ■ GET HER WET

**DO:** Get wild in a pool, hot tub, or Jacuzzi, as the buoyancy adds to sexual pleasure. Jacuzzi jets have the added advantage of being a built-in stimulator—just lean her against one while doing her from behind.

**DON'T:** Forget lubrication and protection—water adds friction, so make sure to have a lubricant handy, and you can't rely on salty



or chlorinated water to act as a spermicide. And don't even ask if it's possible to get her pregnant by withdrawing and ejaculating in the water—that could depend on whether or not your spermatozooids have spatial orientation, and I really don't recommend conducting an empirical investigation.

Sex on the beach is classic, naughty, and the stuff of romance novels *and* her fantasies.

#### ■ MAKE WAVES

**DO:** Create some waves in a natural body of water, such as a river, lake, or ocean. Pull her swimsuit to the side and slip it in, or go skinny-dipping if you have enough privacy.

**DON'T:** Attempt watery sex if you can't swim, particularly if there is the possibility of an undercurrent. And don't leave your valuables out of sight and unattended—a lesson I learned from personal experience.

#### ■ SEX ON THE BEACH

**DO:** It's classic, naughty, and the stuff of romance novels *and* her fantasies.

**DON'T:** Forget to do it on a towel or jacket if you're going at it on the sand; it will prevent nasty genital abrasions and sand-flea attacks. Another way to prevent those pesky sand grains from making their way into her love canal is to do it doggie-style.



# Ask Dr. Z

#### *A Painful Climax*

*Lately I've been getting headaches after sex. I get a pulsating feeling from the top of my head to my eyes. I used to get them from time to time, but now I get them after every orgasm, and they seem to be getting worse. Needless to say, it's ruining my sex life. Please help!*

You're not alone. While some folks use headaches as an excuse to not have sex, others develop real ones during or after intercourse. You seem to be in the latter category. Generally, sex-related headaches fall into two categories: benign coital headaches and new-onset headaches. Benign coital headaches tend to occur before or during orgasm, and may persist for minutes or hang on for hours. They are thought to result from muscle contractions, and/or blood-vessel dilation, in the head and neck. New-onset headaches are severe first-time headaches that can be caused by an acute brain hemorrhage or another serious condition. These require emergency evaluation and treatment. Based on your description, you are experiencing benign coital headaches; however, because they have been getting worse, I recommend a full medical checkup.

If your doctor concludes that your headaches are of the benign variety, you're probably tensing up during sex or putting too much pressure on yourself to perform. You need to loosen up a bit. Before sex, practice muscle relaxation, contracting and releasing each muscle group, coupled with deep diaphragmatic breathing. Then stay relaxed. Letting her take control in a chick-on-top position might do the trick.

If that doesn't kill the post-coital pain, try taking an over-the-counter pain reliever like acetaminophen or ibuprofen a half hour before baring your boner. If you need something stronger, ask your doctor about beta-blockers or calcium-channel blockers, which can successfully treat coital headaches. Botox injections have also been used to treat headaches that result from muscle tension.


One way or the other, you should be able to enjoy a pain-free orgasm.

#### *Too Shy to Try?*

*I've been corresponding with this girl through an online dating site for a few months now. She sends me her photos by e-mail and snail mail every week and we speak on the phone regularly. Sometimes she gets quite flirtatious and sexually suggestive. Last week I asked her to meet in person, at which point she said she suffers from sexual anorexia and is reluctant to meet me. I've never heard of this and I don't know how to deal with it. Can you help?*

Sexual anorexia is a popular new term for old-fashioned sex aversion. Sufferers of extreme sex aversion become preoccupied with avoiding sex, and—like other addictive conditions, such as dieting, gambling, or hoarding—compulsive sex avoidance can make one feel armored against life's hurts. Thus, sexual anorexia becomes a pathological stress-coping mechanism. Some sexual anorexics are only comfortable with anonymous cybersex because they experience severe anxiety about partnered sex, or they fear intimacy with another human being.

The real issue here is whether your cyber-amour actually suffers from this condition or is using it as an excuse to string you along. There may be many reasons why she doesn't want to meet you. The most common, of course, is that she doesn't look anything like the photos she sent you!

Either way, your chances of developing a meaningful relationship with her are slim to none. I suggest you look for other fish in the cyber sea, but if you insist on satisfying your curiosity, ask her to meet you in a very public place and promise that you won't even permit a sexual outcome to your first meeting. If she still ducks you, she's probably not a person you want to meet anyway. 

GETTING TO ME! IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION, A STORY, A SEX TOY FORM, OR JUST A (NICE!) COMMENT, PLEASE VISIT [PENTHOUSE.COM/DBZ](http://PENTHOUSE.COM/DBZ), E-MAIL [VICTORIA@PENTHOUSE.COM](mailto:VICTORIA@PENTHOUSE.COM), OR SEND SNAIL MAIL TO DR. VICTORIA ZDROK, PENTHOUSE, 2 PENN PLAZA, SUITE 1125, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10121.

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# FULL METAL JACKOFF

Penthouse

## Boot Camp: Sex Survival Weekend

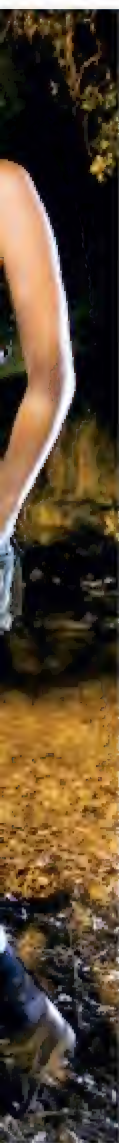
All right, ladies, drop your socks and grab your cocks. You're about to see exactly why porn made in the good ol' U.S. of A. is the best in the world. A jarhead (Steven St. Croix) has three days to whip a bunch of pantywaist recruits into shape—if they can keep their minds on being all they can be and not filling every wet hole they see. That's a tough assignment, as those wet holes belong to smoking-hot babes. Rebecca Linares does double duty, taking some cock from Nick Manning while they're watched from a distance by St. Croix and his young charge. When the time comes for Manning to get some head, Linares drops and gives him plenty, considering the heat he's packing. Then he returns the favor, and she looks even better riding his face. Later, after Allison Pierce and Lexi Belle rescue paratrooper Chris Cannon from a tree, he does a double tour of fucking and sucking. And once you see the heat generated by big black dick-slinger Nat Turner in the trenches of sexy blonde Megan Monroe, you *will* re-up for another viewing.



Ready for action (from left): Rebecca Linares; Allison Pierce, Lexi Belle, and Chris Cannon; Pierce and Belle







# JAGGED LITTLE PILLOW

## Penthouse Variations

### Pillow Talk

Who doesn't like a woman who says exactly what she wants—and wants to do—when the lights go out? No one I can think of, which is good, because this is full of ladies who are ready, willing, and able to speak their minds right to the camera. And if you think breaking the fourth wall will be distracting, think again. The most distracting thing is the women, beauties like Victoria Sin, Carly Parker, and the absolutely stunning Spaniard Roxy Deville. After asking, "Do you like seeing my lips wrapped around his fat cock?" Roxy comes through, till her partner pounds her pussy long, hard, and fast. Every last moment watching Roxy's tits jiggle is a moment spent closer to realizing that maybe life is worth living after all. Rachel Roxx and Victoria Sin provide a girl-girl show before long-legged Brooke Haven's showstopping reaming at the hands of a long-dicked stud. From the subtle come-ons to audacious dirty talk, this makes good on a wealth of promises, spoken and unspoken.

# KATJA LATER...

## Penthouse Letters

### Dirty Little Secrets

Director Kelly Holland's five colorful tales of erotic excess involve sexual indiscretions that could have serious consequences. Katarina Kat, on a pre-wedding vacation in Italy, takes in the local scenery, including the well-chiseled Niko. Her scene is a strong showing indeed, easily matched in intensity by the follow-up in which randy lawyer Mikayla finds a novel way of tipping the scales of justice in her favor: fucking the judge in chambers. You'd think she's a gavel, the way Ben English bangs her. Petite powerhouse Katja Kassin, one of my favorite fuck stars, pulls a poolside train of three guys for her husband's entertainment, and if you've ever seen this German hottie's caboose in action, you know that they're in for one hell of a ride. The stories told here are as satisfying as the magazine that spawned them and as sexually charged as the readers who write them. **A—**

Our favorite  
brunette babes:  
(top left) Roxy  
Deville, (top  
right) Mikayla  
and Ben  
English, (left)  
Victoria Sin



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## TALK DIRTY TO ME

I met Karen about six months ago at the gym. I'd noticed her olive complexion, almond-shaped eyes, and long, jet-black hair right away. Her body was amazing, too. She had firm tits, a flat stomach, a round ass, and long legs. I immediately moved in on her, and I'm glad I did. She turned out to be the most sexually aggressive woman I had ever been with.

Karen's libido is permanently locked in overdrive. She's constantly hungry for my cock and she's always ready to fuck—anytime, anyplace. Since we've met, I've had sex in more places than I can count. It's exciting and dangerous and we both really get off on the thrill. For example, she's had me pull out my cock in the park or in an elevator just to give me a quick suck, knowing I wouldn't be able to wait until we got to her place or mine to fuck her.

She had a fantasy about me with two girls. It made her so hot that she rubbed herself while thinking about it and came twice.

When we discovered we both liked to talk dirty, things really heated up.

And after we've had marathon sex sessions and I think I can't possibly get it up again, all it takes is her hot breath in my ear as she whispers, "I want you to fuck my ass until I come," and I'm hard again. She can say things that will make me come in my sleep.

One night she straddled me, her tits teasing my lips, as I helped her up and down on my dick. She leaned next to my ear and said, "One day, I want to fuck you and some of your friends! I want you to take turns coming inside me!"

It got me so hot I shot my load immediately. The idea of watching her fuck a group of guys made me a little jealous, but curious and horny at the

same time. The next night, as I fucked her, I whispered in her ear, "I want to watch you suck another man's cock and see you swallow all of his come while I jack off!"

It became a regular part of our sex life to describe what we wanted to watch the other one do. She told me she had a recurring fantasy about me with two girls, one sucking my cock while I savored the other's pussy. She told me it made her so hot that she rubbed herself while thinking about it and came twice.

Naturally, we graduated to phone sex. We'd call each other at work, on the bus, in the street. One time we went to a restaurant and used the restrooms to talk dirty and masturbate. Karen called me from the women's room and started to tell me about the time she had sex in a club with a stranger. As Karen talked, I'd stop her and ask her detailed questions: What were you wearing? Was anyone watching? Did the guy have a big cock? Did he make you come? Did you suck his cock afterward? But the best part was that we knew there were people in the other stalls listening to us getting off!

In a few weeks, I have to go out of town. I hate flying, but I can't wait to go anyway because Karen's going to come with me and use her skills to talk me through the flight! —K.D., New York

## HOLIDAY STUFFING

Instead of trying to figure out what to give each other last Christmas, my girlfriend Carmen and I agreed to swap lists of five suggestions and choose one item to give the other. We didn't set any restrictions, so just for the hell of it, I included my fantasy of videotaping Carmen having sex with another man. I knew the odds of that ever seeing the light of day were one in a million, but I just couldn't resist jotting it down.

When Carmen finished looking over my list, she let me see hers. Amazingly, she'd included an item that corresponded with mine—she wanted to have sex with two guys! This couldn't have worked out better. We both were going to get exactly what our kinky little hearts desired.

When we considered the possible candidates, we immediately thought of Mike and Roland. For the last six months, they've been running with





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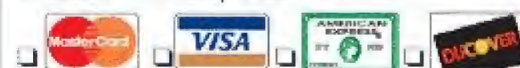
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us on weekends, and Carmen has often teased them about their good looks and muscular builds. Men notice Carmen whether she's in running gear or dressed for work, and Mike and Roland are no different. I've noticed them checking her out when they think I'm not looking. I was sure they'd agree to a three-way with her, and I didn't think they'd have a problem with me recording it.

The next time we all went running together, Carmen told the guys about our holiday plans and asked them if they wanted to participate. As we expected, they couldn't wait to deliver and wanted to know if we had to wait until Christmas. We compromised and agreed to get together on Christmas Eve at Carmen's place, since she had the largest bed.

On Christmas Eve, Mike and Roland came over and we all had pizza and wine, and tossed tinsel and strung lights on Carmen's tree. Afterward, Carmen ushered us into the bedroom and then undressed. Earlier, I'd told the guys a few things that Carmen likes, but I also told them she wasn't shy and would most likely tell them what she wanted.

The guys started to get undressed, but stopped to gaze at Carmen, who was completely naked by then. They looked awestruck, and I couldn't blame them. She's a beautiful, petite woman with dark hair, caramel-colored skin, and lush curves. Then it was Carmen's turn to stare as Mike and Roland finished undressing. Both guys sported impressive hard-ons and looked quite anxious to get Carmen into bed.

"What big cocks you boys have!" she said excitedly, as she lay down between them.

"The better to fuck you with," Roland said, with a wicked grin. Then, with the guys kneeling next to her, she took turns sucking and jerking, until she had them both shooting their loads all over her tits. My cock was straining against my pants and I was barely able to keep the camera steady. For the next scene, I had to use the tripod I'd brought.

I handed Roland a wet cloth and he took great pleasure in cleaning off Carmen's breasts.

I was the only one dressed, so I quickly stripped down to my boxers, hoping that before the night was over,

Carmen would give me one of her first-rate blowjobs.

Mike couldn't wait to taste Carmen and dove into her freshly shaved snatch. Meanwhile, Roland sucked on her erect nipples. Within minutes, Carmen was crying in ecstasy, pressing Roland's head to her breast and Mike's face tight to her mound.

After Carmen took a few minutes to recoup, she told the guys she was ready to fuck. Carmen straddled Roland and eased her pussy onto his

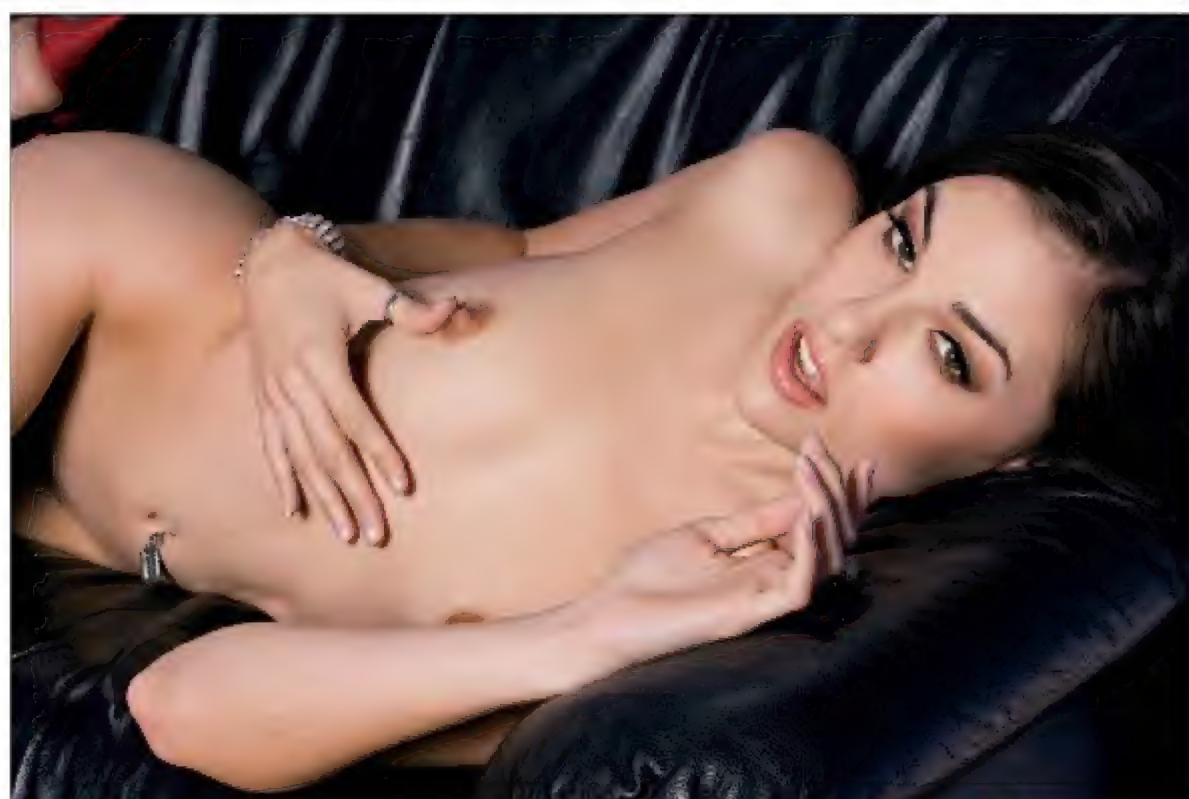
Mike dove into Carmen's freshly shaved snatch. Meanwhile, Roland sucked on her erect nipples.

she told Roland to fuck her. He started slowly pumping his dick in and out, then held Carmen's hips and started thrusting into her, alternating his strokes with Mike's.

"Oh, that's it! Fuck me! Fuck me!" Carmen cried out as I zoomed in on Mike's cock moving in and out of her asshole. Carmen's cries of joy filled the bedroom along with Mike's and Roland's grunts and moans.

The threesome was moving like a well-oiled machine when Carmen suddenly cried out, "I'm coming. Keep fucking me! Don't stop!"

Carmen's declaration set off a chain reaction. Roland's body tensed up as Mike arched his back and grunted. I knew they were both filling Carmen's love holes with plenty of hot



cock. Then, placing her hands on his shoulders, she slowly rode him. With infinite control, she raised and lowered herself, occasionally stopping to grind against him. If she kept that up, she'd make him come too soon. He looked as if he might come any second. Just watching her grinding against him was almost enough to push me over the edge.

I was glad when Carmen stopped moving long enough to look back at the camera and ask me to get a bottle of lube from the dresser and hand it to Mike, which I did. Then, as I continued to capture every position change, Carmen told Mike that she was ready to do double duty.

Mike applied some lube to Carmen's asshole before gently working in his cock to the hilt. I couldn't believe she was about to take them both, but

cream. And I'd gotten it all on film.

But Carmen wasn't finished. As Mike and Roland were catching their breath, Carmen called me over and scooted toward the edge of the bed. Still within camera range, she pulled out my aching cock and gave me a terrific blowjob. And then before calling it a night, Carmen went one more round with Mike, Roland, and me until we were all exhausted.

It turned out to be the best holiday Carmen and I ever had, and Mike and Roland enjoyed themselves immensely. And as for our gift to each other—it's the gift that keeps on giving. We never tire of watching it!—J. C., Minnesota



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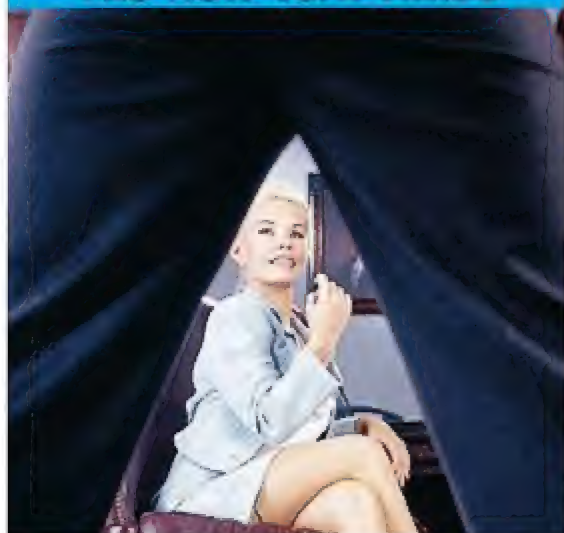
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### GOING AND COMING

Not long ago, I had an unbelievable night with a woman I'd been wanting to get with for months. Marnie did things to me that I never thought possible. I'd wanted her to stay until morning, but she insisted she couldn't, and I didn't ask why. But still—I was a happy man when I went to sleep that night—I just had no idea the night was far from over.

Marnie let herself out and I'd forgotten to lock the door after she left. I'd zonked out from all the rough, dirty sex and didn't hear her when she came back. Her perfume was still on the sheets, but suddenly the scent was stronger. I opened my eyes and there she was, wearing nothing but her trench coat and fuck-me pumps. She let her coat fall to the floor. Her nipples were already hard as she came toward the bed.

"I was halfway home and I started thinking about you—and this," she said, as she slid her body along the length of mine and wrapped her fingers around my woody. We kissed again with the same intensity as we had an hour before.

My hand slipped between her legs and I felt wet heat. She kissed me lightly on the lips again, then with more fervor as she rolled on top of me. She placed her hands on my shoulders and rubbed her slick folds back and forth along the underside of my rigid cock. I closed my eyes and felt a nipple brush across my lips. Instinctively, I lashed out at it with my tongue, capturing the bud in my mouth.

Just when I thought the sweet torture of her slowly rocking against me was becoming unbearable, Marnie slid down and took me into her mouth. I placed my hands on her bobbing head and guided her. No other woman had ever taken me in so deep before. It was all I could do to hold back. I didn't want it to end so soon.

I pulled her up and flipped her onto her back. She still had on her five-inch stilettos when she raised her legs up

When I let go of her legs, she wrapped them around my waist and grabbed my ass, bringing me in even deeper.



over her head and grabbed the heels. Her pussy glistened invitingly and I eagerly accepted. The feel of that initial entry was as awesome as it had been earlier. I placed my hands on her calves and rocked into her. She was so tight and wet that I almost lost control. She was making a lot of noise, too, which wasn't helping me hold off. When I let go of her legs, she wrapped them around my waist and grabbed my ass, bringing me even deeper.

I never knew missionary position could feel so good. Marnie's head was cuddled in the crook of my neck, her lips wet against my collarbone, as I drilled into her. I was still fucking her hard when I felt her muscles tighten around my cock and heard her cry out. Her orgasm gained momentum and I went with it, thrusting deep one last time before I came, holding her as tightly as she held me. We both fell still, and she allowed me to stay on top of her, though I didn't think that was her way.

After a while, I slid down next to her and breathed in her scent. I closed my eyes and fell back to sleep. When I awakened again, she was gone and all that was left was her perfume and the smell of perfect sex. I've been with Marnie a couple of times since, and although she never stays, I'll take what I can get.—L.K., New Jersey



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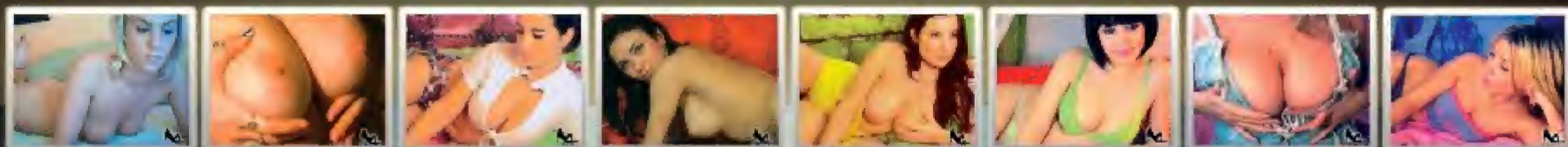
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PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020) U.S. JUNE 2008  
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# Peep Show

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Pet of the Month  
Shawna Lenee




Nika Noir and  
Adrienne Manning



Sunny Leone

**E**very July, we enjoy the bikini-clad babes. But our lovely ladies take you one step beyond. The busty and blonde Shawna Lenee—in our opinion, one of the most lust-worthy new adult stars—makes her first *Penthouse* appearance as our Pet of the Month. We welcome back the sultry Sunny Leone, our 2003 Pet of the Year, who proves you don't have to be new to the industry to inspire

lust. Plus, one of your recent favorites, December 2007 Pet of the Month Adrienne Manning, returns with the smoking Nika Noir. Of course, that's just the beginning. But you'll have to pick up our next issue to see what else we've got in store. 



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